

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Moving Right

THE season is unimportant. When the Labour Party assembled at Margate earlier this week the delegates knew that a task of first priority was a thorough springcleaning of their equipment; that meant policy as well as mechanism. From all accounts they have set about their work with a rare gusto which does justice to an organisation so recently cast down by election defeat.

Forgotten is the summer of dismay and despondency; instead there is a new determination to overcome old problems. And it appears that, faced with a choice of moving in either direction from their present precarious point of balance on the left the party has chosen the safety of the centre.

This week the leftist edge of many resolutions was blunted by the ascendant right. A sharp distinction has been made between promotion of the welfare state and nationalisation, once the two keystones of labour policy. The welfare state survives as one of the party's chief aims, but the hot nationalisation policy advocated by the radicals has been handled with asbestos gloves—and put on the ledger to cool.

FOREIGN policy questions gave delegates the opportunity to rally around some old familiar slogans. But while these were as firm and unequivocal as in former years they were less reckless and indicated that the majority of the party was displaying a proper sense of responsibility.

Mr Bevan obligingly reserved his acerbity for secret meetings but somehow he still managed to make headlines. He charged among other things that the party was no longer socialist. And although there was no public discussion of this point, many delegates in the privacy of their minds must share this view.

Mr Richard Crossman's pension scheme is a good example of this. Though not quite liberal in conception, it is certainly not as socialist as Mr Bevan would like. It does involve individual contributions, not nationalisation and possibly higher taxation. And the plan as such does have some merit. Delegates may therefore leave Margate with the satisfaction that if there is not in prospect a happy issue out of all their afflictions, they have at least tidied up many of the policy dilemmas which have been crying for attention for so long.

FRUSTRATED SOCIALISTS

Finish Conference Full Of Doubts

Attlee To Retire Oct. 26 Says MP

London, Oct. 14. The Daily Express reports that Mr Attlee is expected to retire from the leadership of the Labour Party on October 26.

The paper was quoting Mr Alfred Robens, former Socialist Minister of Labour who said this in Manchester tonight.

Mr Robens said the announcement can be expected at a meeting of Labour MPs on the day after Parliament re-assembles. — Our Own Correspondent.

Warning To Argentine Unionists

Buenos Aires, Oct. 14. The new Argentine government has warned Peronist trade union leaders that any call for demonstrations on Monday — Peronist "loyalty day" — would be "sending workers to their death."

Monday is the anniversary of ex-President Juan Peron's triumphant return to power on October 17, 1945. It is usually celebrated by rallies and speeches. Some trade union leaders have been trying to organize mass absenteeism.

"WOULD BE CRIMINAL." But the Labour Minister, Senator Luis Cerruti Costa, called trade union secretaries to his office yesterday evening and issued a grim warning.

"Certain events and certain dates are approaching," he said. "It is inadmissible that knowing that the whole power of the army and navy and air force and police back the government the workers will be incited to come out into the streets on a specific day."

"I say this would be criminal. It would mean sending workers to their death and condemning the labour movement to total and sure destruction." — Reuter.

VAGUE POLICY

Margate, Oct. 14.

Twelve hundred Labour delegates left here today after a week-long conference with a long-term plan for rebuilding the Socialist machine after its recent election defeat but no clear idea of who will lead their party a year or even a month from now.

A new leader is virtually "lined up" to succeed Mr Clement Attlee, the 72-year-old present chief, who recently suffered a stroke. He is Mr Herbert Morrison, 67, former Foreign Secretary and now deputy leader.

But Mr Attlee, who is now under pressure from his friends to hand over, gave the conference no indication of his intentions in his winding-up speech today.

Many delegates said his silence had added to the embarrassment of the meeting, which some described as one of the most frustrating in their party's half-century of existence.

Today some summed up the results thus:
1. Vague policy and reconstruction proposals which will take three years to fulfill.
2. Total uncertainty over the future of the leadership.
3. A new feud between Mr Aneurin Bevan, the left-wing leader, and the official party chiefs, and no sign that warring sections are even now ready to end differences for the sake of unity.

The Party had met for a week of hard and constructive thinking on the vast task of regrouping its national forces after the election defeat.

A NEW ROW

But to the exasperation of many the conference was soon embroiled in a new row with the party left-wing, whose past "revolts" are alleged by some to have prevented the Conservatives with election victory.

Flash-point of the explosion was Tuesday's private session on the "reconstruction plan" submitted by four leaders held within hours of Mr Aneurin Bevan's overwhelming defeat by right-winger Hugh Gaitskell in the election for the party treasurer.

In the private session Mr Bevan charged that the election was lost partly by attacks made on him by trade union leaders, some of whom, he declared, were not socialists at all.

This drew the fire of political and trade union chiefs.

A WARNING

A significant warning was uttered by Mr Charles Geddes, retiring chairman of the Trade Union Congress which provides half a million Labour Party members.

He hinted broadly that the Labour Party's long association with the trade union movement would be imperilled if internal attacks, particularly those directed against trade union chiefs, continued.

The trade unions hold 12 of the seats on Labour's 28 member governing committee, the national executive, and they supply 90 per cent of Labour funds.

Trade union chiefs in private conversations afterwards, left the impression that if Mr Bevan will not "work with the team" and if the Party fails to control him, the unions will act ruthlessly to save the Labour movement.

Some of Mr Bevan's closest friends have confessed privately to a fear that "Nye" is "determined to wear a martyr's crown" by forcing himself into a position of isolation where the left-wing will be unable to help him.

BIGGEST SUCCESS

The 49-year-old Mr Gaitskell, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, got the biggest ovation of the week in public session with what was really a confession of faith in the future of the labour movement.

Mr Gaitskell is Mr Bevan's diametrical opposite in Party thinking and delegates feel his performance has consolidated his position as certain long-term choice for the Party leadership. The unions are solidly behind him.

Mr Morrison's stock also soared, confirming confidence belief that he is the indicated immediate successor to Mr Attlee.

The Labour Party chief, still the most respected man in the movement, agreed a few months ago to carry on for another parliamentary session, ending about a year hence. But since then he has a slight stroke which even some of his most loyal colleagues declare makes all the difference.

Some conference sources predicted that very early pressure will be brought to bear upon him to resign.

GAINS ESTEEM

Mr Richard Crossman, one of Mr Bevan's chief henchmen, gained considerably in conference esteem this week by a speech sponsoring a new Labour plan to give Britons half of their working wage or salary after retirement instead of the £2 state pension now paid.

Mr Crossman, a member of the executive, proposed a combination of flat rate pension plus a state-run superannuation scheme with a sliding scale of contributions and a sliding scale of benefits.

This is likely to form part of future official policy. — Reuter.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the features in today's China Mail:

P. 6: The Naughty Duchess, by C.D.T. Baker-Carr.

P. 6: Adventure on a shooting, part two.

P. 7: Is your husband a candidate for disaster, by Chapman Pincher.

Adolphe Menjou tells his story, by Sylvia Lamond.

P. 8: Why are women afraid of humour? asks Amanda Marshall. Rene MacColl writes on the six women who really fascinate him.

P. 13: Sir Beverley Baxter writes on Sir Anthony Eden. Changes behind the Iron Curtain, by Joseph Hargreaves.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

New Turn In Morocco Situation

THRONE COUNCIL COMPLICATION

Rabat, Oct. 14.

French Resident-General Pierre Boyer de Latour may fly to Paris over the weekend in a final bid to obtain amendment of the Government's reform plan for Morocco, it was learned today.

The news came as Premier Edgar Faure fought with his back to the wall to prevent his Government being overthrown on the Moroccan and Algerian "new deals."

Gen. de Latour is expected to press Mr Faure for the last time to exclude Moroccan Nationalist Si Bekkal from the three-man throne council which the Government proposes to set up as the first stage of its reform programme.

He has already claimed he cannot guarantee order in the protectorate—especially among French settlers—if Si Bekkal is installed. On the other hand Moroccan Nationalists claim that Si Bekkal's selection as a member of the council has already been agreed by the Government, and any change would be a breach of this agreement.

Offers Resignation

It is understood that Gen. de Latour has already offered his resignation twice on this issue, and had it rejected by the Government.

Meanwhile, French moderates in Morocco lined up today behind Premier Edgar Faure's controversial reform plan and bitterly denounced the extremists. "Presence Française."

A group representing the Socialist, Radical and portions of the Popular Republican Parties in the strategic protectorate formed a "vigilance committee" in Rabat to fight for application of the Aix-les-Bains agreement and the immediate formation of a three-man throne council as promised by the Premier. — United Press.

SOVIETS HAVE ATOMIC PLANE

Berlin, Oct. 14.

The Soviet Union soon will test an atomic-powered supersonic plane, the East German radio said today.

The radio quoted a Soviet scientist as saying that "Soviet scientists are presently working on an atomic-powered aircraft which will make its first flight in the near future."

The scientist said the Soviet scientist made the revelation in a Soviet technical magazine. — United Press.

Adenauer Latest

Bonn, Oct. 14.

Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the Chancellor, will have to stay in bed for another eight days and cannot resume his government duties before the end of next week, a government spokesman said today.

Members of Dr. Adenauer's household at Rheindorf, near Bonn, said the Chancellor still had a slight temperature. — Reuter.

Last Man Leaves

Vienna, Oct. 14.

The last British soldiers were withdrawn from Schwechat airfield near here today and the British-occupied part of the field handed over to the Austrian authorities. — Reuter.

Princess Margaret And Townsend Go To Windsor

London, Oct. 14.

Princess Margaret this evening met Group-Captain Peter Townsend at a secret rendezvous near historic Windsor Castle, only a day after the two had broken a two-year separation.

Yesterday, Townsend, home on a month's leave, called at Clarence House, shortly after the return of the Princess and the Queen Mother from their holidays. He stayed for about two hours.

Before this call Townsend met a first cousin of the Princess, Mrs John Lyet Willis, who is a daughter of the Queen Mother's sister, Lady Elphinstone.

Townsend left London this afternoon for Mrs Willis' country house, Allmby, in the small village of Binfield, 10 miles from Windsor Castle. He told reporters before leaving London: "I am going away for the weekend. I cannot say where I am going."

A servant at the London house of Lord Aberghenny, where Townsend had been staying, told newspapermen the Group-Captain had headed for his mother's cottage at Kingswood (Somerset). This proved to be a false trail.

Four hours later, Princess Margaret left London—also for an undisclosed destination. Her car left the Windsor road for Binfield, and passed slowly through the village, so that all the villagers could see, before turning up the drive to Allmby.

Royal Communique

Between the announcements that Townsend and Princess Margaret had in turn left London for undisclosed destinations in the country, Clarence House issued the first royal communique on the Princess's private affairs.

The communique appeared to diminish the prospects of a Royal marriage. It said: "In view of the varied reports which have been published, the press secretary to the Queen is authorised to say that no announcement concerning Princess Margaret's personal future is at present contemplated." The communique added: Princess Margaret has asked the press secretary to express the hope that the press and public will extend to Her Royal Highness the customary courtesy and co-operation in respecting her privacy."

Queen Returning

While the Queen Mother was still in residence at Clarence House late this evening and was expected to remain in London for the weekend, Queen Elizabeth both was due to return to Llandudno from Balmoral Castle in Scotland on Monday.

She will see Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden shortly after her arrival and will probably discuss with him the question of her sister Margaret's future.

A Cabinet meeting is scheduled for either Tuesday or Wednesday.

Both Princess Margaret and Townsend arrived by road from London. The Group-Captain at the wheel of his own new French car, the Princess driven in a Royal Rolls Royce.

While awaiting the arrival of Princess Margaret, Townsend went for a drive with his hostess, Mrs Willis. They stopped for a chat with a neighbour, Miss Wilmet, over her garden wall.

Afterwards she told newspapermen it was the first time she had met Townsend and that he was "extremely charming."

She said they talked mostly about horses and racing. Miss Wilmet owns race horses. Townsend is a leading gentleman jockey and has run in many amateur races on continental tracks.

An "informed source said in London today that if Princess Margaret decides to marry Townsend, the announcement of their engagement would probably be made in Parliament, which resumes after the summer recess on October 25. — France-Press.

Overthrow Govt Appeal

Buenos Aires, Oct. 14.

A group of Paraguayan exiles in Argentina, calling themselves the "Paraguayan National Liberation Junta," today published a communique here appealing to Paraguayans to overthrow their present government.

Claiming to speak for 400,000 exiles, the Junta's communique assailed Paraguay's present leaders as the "last of a long line of dictators and usurpers." The Junta also accused the former Argentine Government of President Peron with supplying "enormous quantities of arms" to the Paraguayan Government in order to help crush the 1947 military uprising in Paraguay.

The Junta asked the Paraguayan people to follow the example of the recent successful Argentine revolution. "Because the moment of great decision, that the people await, has come." — France-Press.

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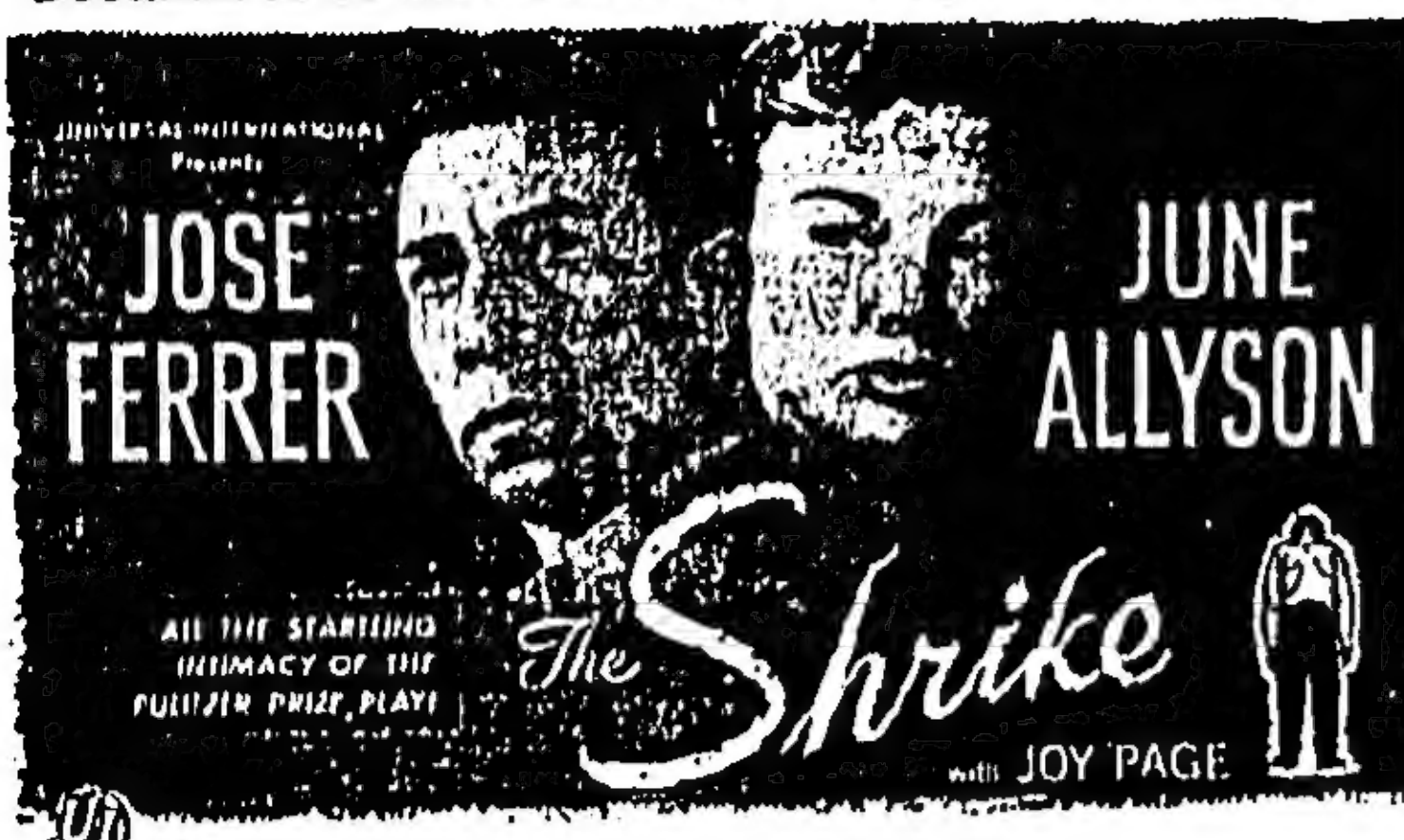
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KING'S 11.30 a.m. Walt Disney's "PINOCCHIO" Full-length Color Cartoon

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PRINCESS EXTRA SHOW To-morrow At 12.20 p.m.

A Superb 8-Hit-Song Indian Picture
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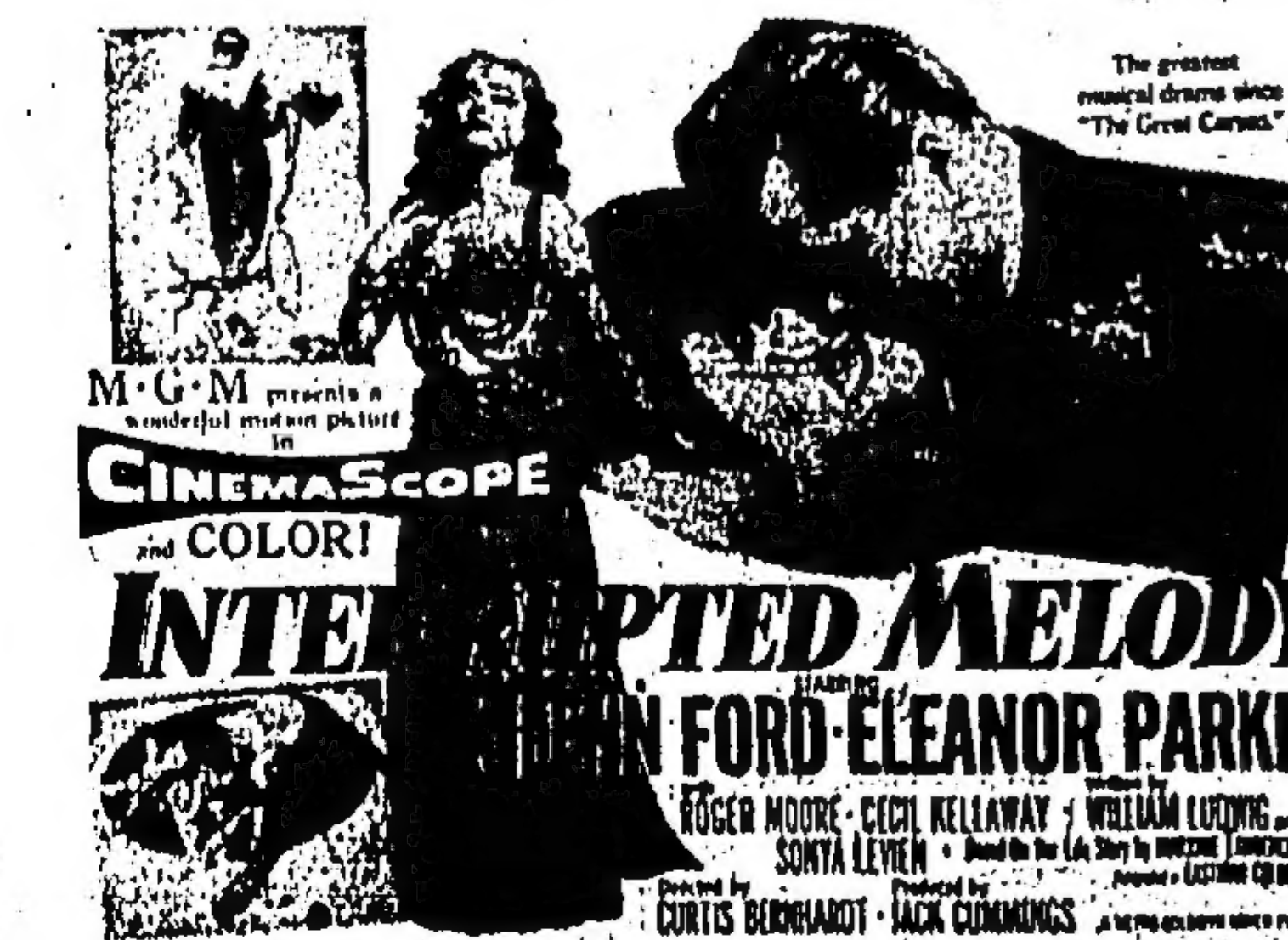
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SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER AT 12.00 Robert Taylor Eleanor Parker in "VALLEY OF THE KINGS"

Liberty at 12.00 Robert Taylor Elizabeth Taylor in "IVANHOE"

FILMS

Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Interrupted Melody". Part of the life story of the world-famous Australian singer, Marjorie Lawrence. Eleanor Parker and Glenn Ford.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Shrike". The slow disintegration of a man, subconsciously brought about by a possessive wife. Jose Ferrer and June Allyson.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Last Command". This brings in Jim Huxley and some of the famous names who fought against Santa Anna in the battle for Texas independence. Sterling Hayden, Richard Carlson and Anna Maria Alberghetti.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea". Jules Verne's fabulous story is given a face-lift for present-day minds. It is well presented, and from the adventure point of view, gripping. James Mason, Kirk Douglas, Paul Lukas and Peter Lorre.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "How to Be Very, Very Popular". A college musical. Betty Grable and Sheree North.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Blackboard Jungle". The controversial film since "On the Waterfront" gives a frightening picture of juvenile delinquency in American schools and of the sometimes inadequate mental ability of schoolmasters to deal with it. Glenn Ford and Louis Calhern.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Foxfire". A love affair between a half-caste Apache Indian and an American socialite. Jane Russell and Jeff Chandler.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Big Combo". Crime and detection. Cornell Wilde and Richard Conte.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "A Streetcar Named Desire". The full gamut of human emotions. Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Virgin Queen". One more side of Queen Elizabeth the First's character. Bette Davis, Richard Todd and Joan Collins.



A scene from "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea"

Reward For Devotion

The mood of "The Shrike" is set by the introduction and method of presentation of the credit titles. They are printed on a moving slip of paper, with an enormous, wicked-looking pair of scissors snipping off each section. This destructive image is symbolic of the influence of June Allyson over her husband, Jose Ferrer.

In order that there shall be no distraction in wondering about the meaning of the title, let me explain, before going any further, that a shrike is a small fluffy bird, apparently innocuous, but possessing a long sharp pointed beak, which it uses to destroy its prey, which it then devours.

On the face of it, the situation seems to be reversed. Instead of the wife preying on her husband, throughout the film she is superficially a model of sweetness and light. She encourages and helps him in his work, she is completely faithful, wants to be with him at all times and even takes small decisions out of his hands so that he may not be worried by them.

Her reward is that he leaves her for a plain, cool girl, and in a fit of depression at the complicatedness of the triangle, attempts to commit suicide.

The probing and questioning for motives that he undergoes at the hands of the psychiatrist gives the director an excuse for those obnoxious flashbacks. "Start at the beginning," says the doctor, and up pops the first one. I wish he hadn't thought it necessary to present it in this way.

Many "Thinking Points"

At times trite, and at others showing a deep understanding of human thoughts and motives, this film, in spite of its disjointedness is never dull for a second. Especially good are Jose Ferrer's efforts at explaining why he tried to take his life. It is full of unexpected little flashes: "The tough, Mental Hospital orderly without a kind word for anyone, who, with no fuss or heroics, saves some of the inmates from the wrath of the officious night sister by explaining away a fight as 'just some of the boys getting boisterous'."

The explanation of Ferrer's brother for his belated visit to the hospital are those of any man with a wife and children to protect.

To Ferrer, a normal man among near lunatics, the ten days seemed interminable, but the lucid attitude of his brother is a completely understandable. Indication and fear of being connected with a mental case are the causes.

He says that the only way for Ferrer to go free is to compromise. When Ferrer protests that he has never been crazy and is being wrongfully detained, his brother sensibly advises him to give in to everything, to admit anything and to pretend to his wife that he will return to her and never see the other girl again. Life outside is much the same as in the mental home, he says. All the time he himself is putting up with things he doesn't like for the sake of his family. Ferrer will get out so much more quickly if he doesn't fight. It's a wonderful example of a weak man's philosophy sounding so much more reasonable than that of a strong one who is experiencing what the picture calls "an emotional low".

There are many "thinking points" like these in "The Shrike" and the standard of acting from all the players is high.

I disagree with the critics who laud June Allyson's portrayal of the wife so highly. It is competent, but it is only in its implications, and in its construction, put by other people on her actions that makes her contribution so important.

Her usual role is that of a sweet young wife, and in "The Shrike" that is exactly what she appears to be. Her psychopathic twist is not meant to be evident to anyone but a psycho-analyst—and it isn't.

The end will come as a surprise and I won't give it away. It's a realistic solution to the problem of the constantly changing relationship between a highly-strung husband and wife.

In The Footsteps Of Jules Verne

"20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" is enormous fun.

Of course James Mason overacts the part of the eccentric Captain Nemo, and naturally Kirk Douglas gets a lot of schoolboy amusement from playing the carefree rover, Ned. But the picture roars along at a good pace and there's excellent material all the way. In addition, its futuristic aspect never beyond the bounds of possibility.

Many film producers have toyed with the idea of turning Jules Verne's classic novel into a film. If it could be done, the technical difficulties could be conquered, they felt they would have one of the most appealing screen properties of all time.

Fifty-four miles from the popular resort town of Montego Bay, the troupe found an ideal half-moon beach, an exact duplicate of many to be found in the South Pacific area. Filming at the studio began early in March and was completed in July.

The result does not let down the amount of work put into it. The underwater scenes could have been merely documentary additions to the plot, but they have been treated with imagination and are always pertinent to the story, never padding.

There were times when the seriousness with which Paul Lukas and Peter Lorre attacked their parts seemed slightly ludicrous, but Lukas' sincerity and Lorre's humour rose to the top sufficiently often to excuse this.

The Tocata and Fugue by Bach is played with dramatic effect by James Mason whenever he is having an emotional crisis. (This submarine Nautilus is equipped with an organ as well as many other mod. cons.) and the silent water slipping by, contrasting with the soaring music is most effective. This has a little for everybody.

College Musical

The Roxy and Broadway's "How To Be Very, Very Popular" had not been previewed to the Press by the time my copy was being torn from me by the sub-editor, so, apart from telling you that it's a college musical involving that somewhat superannuated college undergraduate Betty Grable, and the potential threat to Marilyn Monroe, Sheree North, I can't assess the popularity of the girls until next week.

Katy Didn't Care

When Katharine Hepburn went to Hollywood in 1932 to gain instant fame in "Bill of Divorcement," she was a normal young woman who didn't give a snap of her fingers for conventions.

She still doesn't. But the point of interest is that she was simply years ahead of her time.

When Miss Hepburn first wore slacks, they were referred to as "men's pants," and she was criticised.

Now practically every star in Hollywood goes to work in slacks.

She was the first star to drive around in a station wagon, then spoken of as Hepburn's "truck."

Now the star who hasn't a station wagon is behind the times.

In those days, stars kept up a front, drove big cars with chauffeurs, and appeared at the studios with every hair in place. Because Miss Hepburn did what she wanted to do, she was labelled "individualistic."

Amusingly enough, when the actress resumed her film career to star with Cary Grant and James Stewart in the screen version of her New York stage success, "The Philadelphia Story," she was spoken of as one of the most honest, natural and intelligent stars in the movies.

She always was, but Hollywood was just finding it out!

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NEW YORK: Fox Technicolor Cartoons

GREAT WORLD: Walt Disney Technicolor Cartoons

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CANTONESE OPERA

Admissions: \$2.40, \$1.70, \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

CAPITOL RITZ

FINAL TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30, & 9.30 p.m.



TO-MORROW Bob Hope, Joan Fontaine in "CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT"

Sunday Morning Show At 12.30 p.m. John Wayne in "SANDS OF IWO JIMA"

To-morrow Special Show At 12.30 p.m. "THE MAN FROM ALAMA"

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Stewart Granger in "PRISONER OF ZENDA" M-G-M Film

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Women Need Training For Motherhood

Halifax, Nova Scotia. Good mothers don't just happen, according to Dr H. B. Atlee, a prominent Halifax obstetrician and gynecologist.

Dr Atlee says women need training to become good mothers as far too many of them "approach childbirth in too haphazard a fashion."

He advocates a thorough programme of motherhood training incorporated in the educational system from coast to coast in the same way that girls learn to become good secretaries, nurses, fashion designers, or for other jobs.

"Even today fear is a great factor in childbirth," says Dr Atlee. "Older women, like young mothers-to-be, are an exaggerated account of their experiences."

He says society should make a potential mother more at ease through the teaching of pre-natal care and child care later on. Mothers also should know how to create the proper, happy atmosphere for the new baby in the house.

Dr Atlee says all this comes naturally to some girls but he was surprised at the number of women who embarked on motherhood without much idea of what was involved.

According to Dr Atlee, this could be remedied by women banding together to press for the inclusion of motherhood classes in school curricula.—United Press.

From Ravenna: Why A Stradivarius Is So Wonderfully Different.

From New York: Clare Booth Luce Is Not America's Only Lady Ambassador.

From Perth: Pigeons Race For Big Stakes In Western Australia.

From Johannesburg: The Mystery Of Johannesburg's Train-traveling Penguin Is Explained.

WHY ARE THEY SO WONDERFULLY DIFFERENT?

SECRET of the STRADIVARIUS

Ravenna, Italy. The proprietor of a small tobacco shop in the nearby town of Cervia has just added a new chapter to the undying romantic story of Stradivarius—the greatest violin maker the world has ever known.

While cleaning out the attic of a home which his family owned for more than two centuries, Antonio Pirini, a tobacco vendor, discovered a somewhat battered violin case.

A Dusty Violin

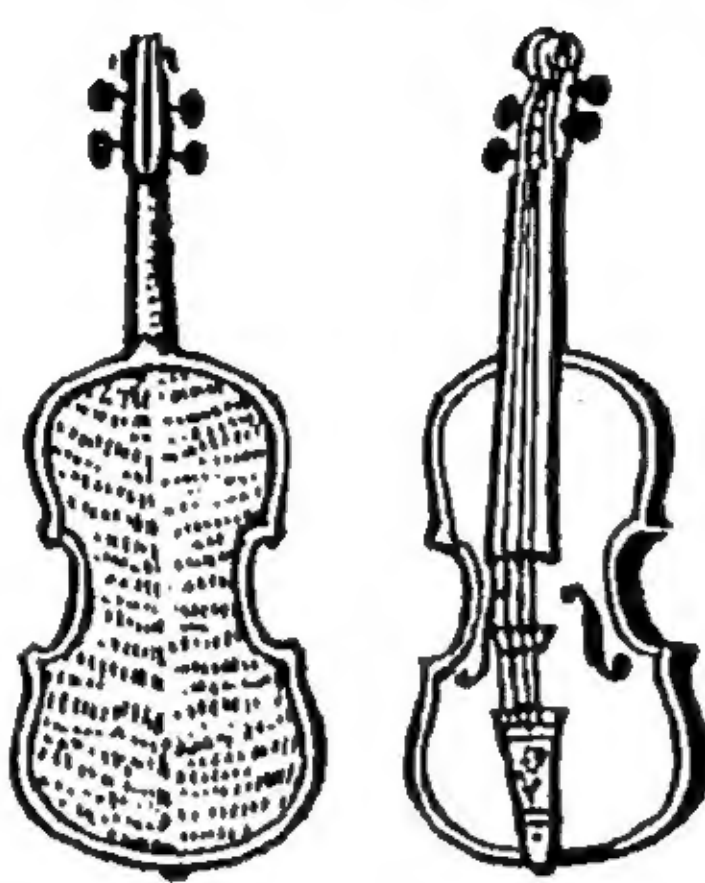
Out of sheer curiosity he broke a small rusty lock on the case and found a dusty violin inside. The instrument had no string and the case contained no bow. He placed it on one side carelessly and continued cleaning out the attic.

Later he examined the violin and, peering through the

"F holes" of the instrument, he saw the signature: "Antonius Stradivarius, Cremonensis, Faciebat annis 1716" (Antonio Stradivari, Cremonese, made in the year 1716).

Somewhat doubtful of the authenticity of the violin, Pirini took it to a violin expert in Ravenna who told him that the violin was "without the slightest doubt" a Stradivarius. The violin is of a reddish-orange colour with a much darker finger board. It also has a small dent on the right side of its body.

The discovery of the priceless instrument has started again the 200-year old argument about just what made Stradivarius instruments so wonderfully different and finer than all other violins. While some experts still say the varnish is the key to the secret, others believe it is the wood. The latter say that the Cremona violin-maker used wood from pine, sycamore and maple trees from the Alps. There were no roads in those



Our artist's impression of the "Alard"

days and the logs were floated down the rivers from the Alps to Cremona. This school of thought says the river waters changed the "molecular disposition" of the wood and gave the superb tonal qualities never duplicated since. They point out that the 18th century violin maker Steiner failed to build exceptional violins in his home city, but in Cremona built excellent ones.

After Napoleon built the famous Alpine roads, trees were no longer floated down by river some of which had been diverted or ceased to exist and, at the same time, the art of superior violin making faded.

Stradivarius was about 13 when he began making stringed instruments under the coaching of his master Nicola Amati. He was still a student in 1660 when he began labelling his own violins.

In 1684, he branched out on his own and in 71 years of hard work he is believed to have turned out about 1,000 instruments. He never got rich from them. He was accustomed to selling them for about the equivalent of 200 dollars.

Mischa Elman, Russian-born violinist who became an American citizen in 1920, reportedly paid 1,300,000 French francs for a 1717 Stradivarius in Paris.

Stradivarius was born in 1644 and died in 1737 at the age of 93. Some of his most famous instruments still in existence are the "violin", "Ernst" and "Alard" violins and the "Platt" violincello.

New 'Wonder Material' Discovered

Adelaide. Three Australians claim to have discovered a "wonder material"—fibre glass impregnated with polyester resin.

They claim to be able to make unsinkable boats which do not need painting, shatter-proof radio circuits and glass walls for buildings.

The three men are Ron Mathewman, toolmaker; Len Parsons, land agent and Graham McLean, instrument maker. Their first experiment, with an eight-foot dinghy weighing 120 lbs resulted in a vessel moulded in one piece, leakproof, resistant to sea growth and which did not require painting—the colour was impregnated in the fibre. The vessel did not warp.

Unsinkable

They followed this success with a 10-foot dinghy including a "built-in" buoyancy system making it unsinkable.

The three say they have perfected the technique of building the ten-footers and they will now be manufactured in quantity. One can be built in three days.

Two of their fibre sheets, if sandwiched with a rigid foam, make effective walls for buildings, the three claimed.—China Mail Special.

When friends meet



Before lunch . . . at the cocktail hour . . . or at any other time when a few friends get together over a drink, the call is for Gordon's. Its subtle, distinctive flavour has made it first choice with men and women all over the world who can appreciate the best gin. With long drinks or short, wherever friends gather, Gordon's is the gin.



ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Gordon's *Stands Supreme*
IMPORTED FROM LONDON, ENGLAND
Distributors: DODWELL & COMPANY LIMITED

Would your watch have kept time on the sea-bed?

WEARING a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, a professor of Milan University went for a swim off Capri. But the strap-buckle was loose, and his watch broke from his wrist, and sank to the bottom. Without much hope, the professor asked some divers, working nearby, to keep an eye open for his watch. Surprisingly, seven days later, they actually found it, and it was still keeping perfect time. It is not really so incredible. For this superb watch, completely protected from water and sand by the famous Oyster waterproof case, is automatically wound by the Perpetual "rotor" mechanism—another Rolex invention. It is in their ability to stay accurate under such incredible tests of endurance that Rolex watches prove their immunity from the more normal ills that beset an ordinary watch.



After seven days beneath the sea, a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, brought up by divers, was found to be still showing the right time! (The original letter of Professor Catala can be inspected at the Rolex office, 18 rue du Marche, Geneva.)



This Rolex Oyster Perpetual is similar to the one in the story. Permanently waterproof in its Oyster Case, it is given perfect accuracy by the Perpetual self-winding "rotor." The Rolex Red Seal identifies every Rolex chronometer.

ROLEX
A landmark in the history of Time measurement

ROLEX Chronometer—
Official Timepiece of Panagra Airlines

Lady Ambassador Without The Limelight

New York. So you think America has only one Lady Ambassador, Mrs Clare Booth Luce in Italy?

So do many other people . . . but there are two. The other one, who is little known outside the State Department in Washington, is Miss Frances Willis, Ambassador to Switzerland.

"Do you mind that a lot of people have never heard of you?" Miss Willis was asked the day after she arrived in New York to act as one of the advisers to the U.S. delegation to the U.N. General Assembly.

Miss Willis smiled. She is a tall, slim woman with grey eyes, slightly grey hair and a gentle sense of humour.

"Happy is the reign that has no history," she said.

Actually, of the three American women who have served as ambassadors and the three who have been ministers to foreign countries, Miss Willis has the longest diplomatic history.

She is the only woman career diplomat ever to rise to the rank of ambassador.

She almost shrugs off her achievement. She is one of the rare and fortunate career women who simply enjoyed the field she chose so much that her climb to the top was an incidental result, not a goal she struggled to reach to prove her merit.

"It sounds so simple: it's hard to believe," Miss Willis said. "Twenty-eight years ago I took the government entrance examination and passed it and went into foreign service for what I thought was a short time. I just found it too fascinating to leave."

She was appointed Ambassador to Switzerland in 1953. Before that she was consul in Helsinki.

"The lower levels were quite interesting enough to keep me in it," Miss Willis said. "I never expected to be an ambassador."

At dinner parties, she has solved the problem of a man seated at the opposite end of the table from her, customary when couples entertain, by seating the ranking woman guest opposite her.

"When I dress up and put on a little make-up for evening, people who have seen me only in the office sometimes don't recognise me," Miss Willis said. "I can look quite severe behind a desk."

"But there is a lot in diplomatic and consular work to keep you human," she said. "And then I have never lost my home roots. I still have clothes in the closet in our family home in Redlands, California."—United Press.

SEAT BELTS IN CARS NOW

Design. All new cars registered in Massachusetts need seat belts and seat belt fittings under a bill introduced in the State House. The measure would require the seat belt attachments after January 1, 1957.

The sponsors of the bill, Representatives Leo Sotag of Boston and Harold Canavan of Revere, said, "One life in every 10 now lost in highway accidents could be saved if seat belts were in common use."

Illinois has passed a law requiring seat belt attachments. The measure becomes effective next July.—United Press.

NOW PIGEONS RACE FOR BIG STAKES

Perth. The owner of a pigeon watched one of his gale-buffed birds coming home after a 250-mile race and summed up his affection for the birds with "pigeons have guts."

That's one of the reasons thousands of enthusiastic men and women throughout the world, and particularly in Western Australia, tend, feed, rear and race pigeons. The more they know about the cherished birds the more they respect them.

Throughout this sprawling state more than 2,000 members of pigeon clubs race their birds every week-end, hail, rain or shine from June to October—the pigeon racing season.

They've been racing pigeons in West Australia since 1953 but the history of the homing pigeon goes back thousands of years. No one knows exactly when the birds were first trained but Solomon's emissaries used them to carry messages, and they were used to carry the results of the Olympic games each year to the "towns" and villages of ancient Greece.

And although the Chinese were known to have used them 2,000 years ago, it was only comparatively recently

that official pigeon racing events were instituted. The first known race was held in Belgium in 1812 over a distance of 100 miles.

Then To U.S.A.

The sport increased rapidly in popularity in Europe and was taken to the United States in the 70's of the last century. From there it spread all over the world encouraged by the fact that pigeon post was a near necessary for military purposes and more than a help for shareholders in the days before general use of the telephone and radio.

Now when pigeon post is almost a thing of the past, pigeon racing is a big time sport though not a popularly-known sport in many countries throughout the world.

Although the 600-mile Concorde National held in Belgium each year is the world championship event, most countries, including Western Australia, have races offering big stakes.

Contrary to the popular belief pigeons don't return from long distances as they do automatically—they have to be trained starting from the time they are a few weeks old.

Young birds are broken in with short trips from their lofts released and allowed to find their way back. They are kept hungry beforehand and simply not upon return.

The distances from the lofts are gradually increased until the birds are ready for racing over 100 miles the novice events of the pigeons' racing life.—United Press.

The Little Doggie In The Window Cost Quite A Lot

Wellington. One dog owner who has often heard the song, "How much is that doggie in the window?" now knows the answer.

The dog sighted another dog on the opposite side of a Nelson street, dashed across, added on the pavement, crashed through the plate-glass window of a drapery shop and landed in display of tablecloths and linens.

The dog was out on the body and legs by the broken glass and the window display was splendidly mottled by blood.

The dog had to be treated by a veterinary surgeon and the owner also told in need of "treatment" when he faced the cost.—China Mail Special.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I never look at any other girl but Marge—you wouldn't either if you ever tasted her mother's hamburger!"

JOHANNESBURG'S PENGUIN MYSTERY EXPLAINED

Johannesburg. How did a penguin, with a broken leg, travel all the way from the coast to Johannesburg by train, without a ticket and without an attendant keeper?

Why did nobody notice him on the train? How did he board the train without being seen? The penguin was cared for by the Society for the Prevention

of Cruelty to Animals, but he died. And his voyage might have remained a mystery. But a dining-car steward on the train read a report in a newspaper and went to see railway officials.

He told them that he had found the penguin on the beach at Alfred Bay. He said:

"Percy (the penguin) was in a bad way when I found him. I realised he would die if I put him back in the sea. As he was friendly I decided to doctor him myself."

"I took him with me to the train and he was soon the favourite of the saloon staff, who bought fish with which to feed him on the journey. We hoped to nurse him back to health and

keep him as a mascot for the saloon."

"Shortly after our arrival in Johannesburg, we missed Percy. We searched everywhere but could not find him. On Sunday morning I read in the 'Sunday Times' that a penguin had mysteriously appeared on a platform at the station. Immediately I knew that it was Percy."—China Mail Special.



THE Punch Revue — sponsored by the famous humorous weekly, with material by many of its contributors — opened in London last week to a mixed reception. At the show's end, those in the low-priced gallery booed, but the audience in the expensive stalls applauded. Three pretty maids of the chorus are shown above in a bedroom number. (Express)



DRIVING away from No. 10 Downing Street is Mr Vladimir Kucherenko (left), Deputy Prime Minister of the USSR, who paid a call on the British Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden. Mr Kucherenko is visiting Britain with six other Russian officials, including the Soviet Minister of Construction. (Express)



MR Huan Hsiang, Charge D'Affaires in London of the People's Republic of China, gave a cocktail party on October 1 to mark the sixth anniversary of the Peking Government. Among the guests, from left: Mrs V. Sokolova, wife of the Second Secretary of the Soviet Embassy, Mr Aneurin Bevan, fiery Welsh rebel of the Labour Party, and Mrs Bevan. (Express)



THE zebra who can't stand the sight of long trousers meets some of his young admirers at the London Zoo. George — that's his name — loves to let little girls ride on his back. Boys in SHORT trousers are friends too. But long trousers are OUT. Every time he sees them, George kicks, snorts and snaps. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



A final salute from Field Marshal Sir John Harding, newly-appointed Governor of Cyprus, as he prepares to fly from England with his wife to the troubled island, where the demand for Enosis (union with Greece) is reaching explosion point. (Express)



LEFT: A new line in décolleté is displayed here by British actress Gabrielle Brune. It's not the latest thing from Paris, however. This is how Miss Brune looks in the play, "The Sun of York," in which she plays the part of Jane Shore, mistress of England's King Edward IV. Medieval monarchs liked low necklines. (Express)

RIGHT: A new line in décolleté is displayed here by British actress Gabrielle Brune. It's not the latest thing from Paris, however. This is how Miss Brune looks in the play, "The Sun of York," in which she plays the part of Jane Shore, mistress of England's King Edward IV. Medieval monarchs liked low necklines. (Express)

BELOW: A new British film comedy, "Touch And Go," had its premiere in London last week. It stars Jack Hawkins, and describes the adventures of a British family emigrated to Australia. Picture shows Jack Hawkins and his wife at the premiere, with Heathcliffe, the cat. Heathcliffe has a star role in the film, too. (Express)

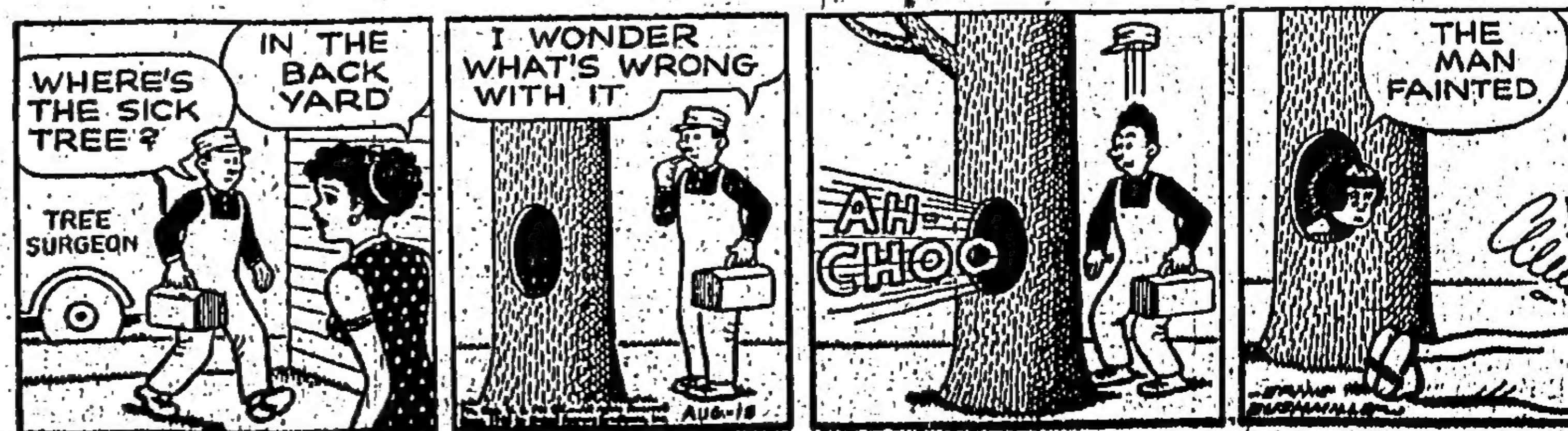


HOLLYWOOD actress Joan Collins, who made a reputation in British films in "bad girl" parts before she succumbed to the Californian sunshine, returned home a few days ago with an American accent and news that she was getting a divorce from her actor husband, Maxwell Reed. She is shown at London Airport neatly encased in £5,000 worth of mink. (Express)



MR John J. Hanley of the United States, who has a novel idea for solving the problem of "Irish unity." He has arrived in England with an offer to the Prime Minister to buy Northern Ireland for \$24,000,000. If his offer is accepted—and not even Mr Hanley really expects that it will be — he will present Northern Ireland to Eire. Mr Hanley is naturally of Irish extraction. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

**BLACK
MAGIC**
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

Because something
CAN be done about
this hazard that
faces every home
...and because that
something is up
to THE WIVES...

Frankly, this is a Warning

IS YOUR HUSBAND A CANDIDATE FOR DISASTER? This is a tough story...

This is the **ALARMING TRUTH** about the biggest problem facing modern medicine today

by **CHAPMAN PINCHER**

ABOUT 300 men in the prime of life and at the height of their capabilities will suffer a devastating heart attack in Britain in the next 24 hours. A sudden stoppage in a branch of one of the two small arteries—the coronary arteries—which serve as fuel pipes to the heart itself will kill about 60 of these men and cripple the rest for months.

Why will these particular men, most of them in fine physical condition except for this minute defect, be struck down so tragically? And why is the daily toll of this insidious killer called coronary thrombosis increasing so fast that it has more than doubled in the last 10 years? A most disturbing answer to these questions is given by the latest findings of a Medical Research Council team led by Dr Jeremy Morris.

MEN WHO KNOW SAY:

● **PROFESSOR HAROLD FULLERTON, Aberdeen University:** "I submit that the ingestion of large amounts of fat... can account very well for the higher incidence of coronary thrombosis."

● **DR. JEREMY MORRIS, Director Social Medical Research Unit, Medical Research Council:** "This increase in coronary artery disease—a true increase and not merely the result of ageing of the population or improvements in diagnosis—is a most important factor in the unsatisfactory trend of mortality in middle-aged males recently seen in most of the English-speaking world."

● **DR. HEWIN DEWAR, Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle-upon-Tyne:** "It would appear that in the rather crude principles of Jack Spratt lie our best chance of avoiding the daily tragedies of this disease."

British doctors have reached the same conclusion from other evidence. In Britain the alarming increase in coronary thrombosis has been closely paralleled by a substantial increase in the quantity of butter, margarine, and milk being consumed.

Furthermore, it is the men who eat the richest diets who are most prone to sudden heart attacks. Medical Research Council figures show that the risk of a "coronary" is almost twice as big among professional men as it is among poorer semi-skilled workmen.

It used to be thought that business bosses had heart attacks because of stress and worry. It is more likely that fat business lunches followed by four-course dinners in the evening are to blame.

This indictment of fat is fortified by other evidence. Thus, in Norway and Germany, where there was a severe fall in fat intake during the war, there was a marked decrease in the number of heart attacks. The African Negroes eat little fat and rarely suffer from

coronary thrombosis. Among their fat-eating Negro cousins in America the disease is rife.

In India coronary thrombosis is many times more common among Parsis whose diet is of the Western type than among Hindus who are vegetarians and eat little fat.

How could nutritious foods like butter, cream, and dripping injure the coronary arteries? Scottish doctors seem to have discovered the answer.

When the blood becomes loaded with minute fat droplets after a rich meal it is much more likely to form small clots. These stick to the wall of the coronary arteries and are absorbed there, gradually narrowing the bore.

When one of these vital fuel pipes is heavily "furred up" in this way a further clot can suddenly plug it, with disastrous results.

Professor Harold Fullerton gave Aberdeen Royal Infirmary patients a breakfast of two fried eggs, bacon, buttered bread, and milk tea.

When he examined samples of their blood three hours later

he found that large amounts of fat were coursing through it. And the blood clotted much more readily than it did when the same people were fed a less rich meal.

Professor John Duguid, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has proved that small blood clots are absorbed by the coronary arteries in a way which narrows their bore.

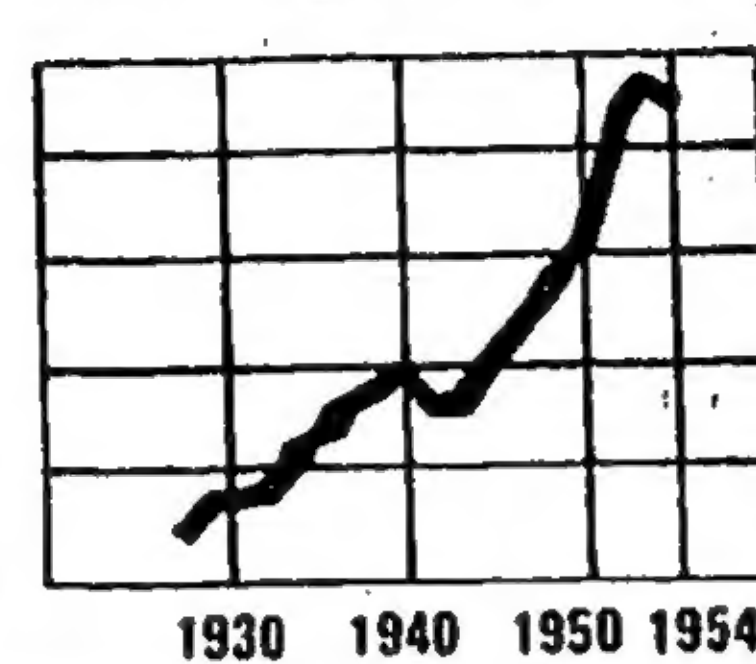
Out of 15 people studied by Professor Fullerton there were only two who could eat a lot of fat without its appearing in the bloodstream.

They may belong to the fortunate few who can eat fat with impunity and are naturally immune to the disease. But Professor Fullerton believes that for most men eating a meal rich in fat increases the likelihood that a clot will form.

There is no doubt that being overweight increases the danger of coronary thrombosis. But doctors are now less inclined to believe that this disease is due to any direct strain on the heart caused by the excess weight.

It seems more likely that the overweight coronary patient is

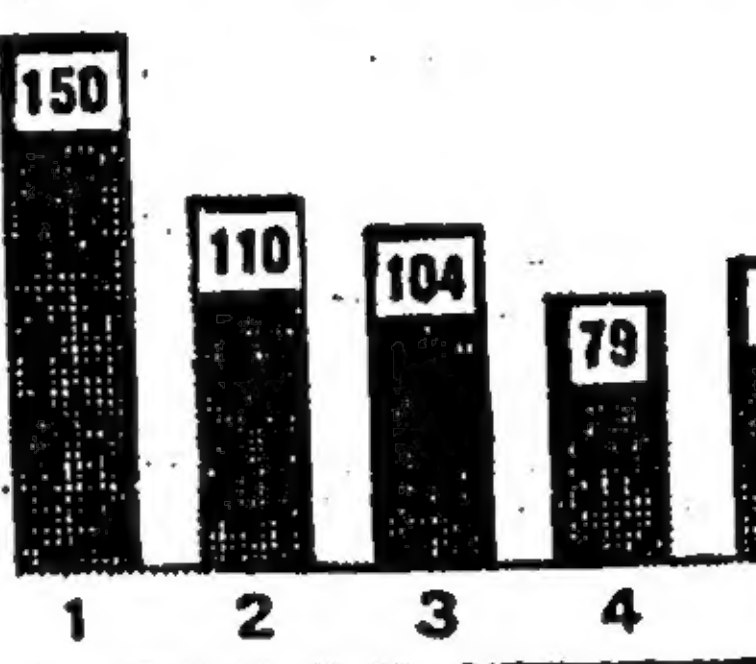
MEN aged 55-64



HOW DISASTER GROWS

SEEK how coronary thrombosis has soared in 25 years. Chart shows number of men out of every 100,000 aged 55 to 64 who died from sudden heart attacks.

MEN aged 20-64



WHERE IT HITS HARDEST

HOW fatal coronary thrombosis strikes for five kinds of men: (1) Professional men; (2) Intermediate, skilled, partly skilled and unskilled trades.

I WON'T MEET A LADY WITHOUT MY UMBRELLA

...said Menjou the Immaculate

By **SYLVIA LAMOND**

I KNEW it was going to be a good evening from the moment Adolphe Menjou lost his umbrella. He strolled through his Paris hotel surrounded by reporters. "I won't move another step without it," he said flatly. "I won't meet a lady incorrectly dressed."

Every inch of the 63-year-old Menjou lives up to his suave reputation.

The French writer bowed deferentially when he ordered champagne cocktails and in fluent French instructed how they should be mixed.

"Can't take any chances on important things," he said twirling his moustache.

"Can't leave a champagne cocktail to chance. It's the same in dress."

It's important to be sure, I have my own tailors in Paris, London and New York, as well as California. So I can get a suit wherever I happen to be and know it will be right.

"How many suits do you have to have to keep up your best-dressed reputation?" I asked.

Menjou ate a peanut reflectively. Sixty perhaps.

That's not counting pyjamas for bed and plus-fours for golf.

Good Discipline

"But don't think I'm a dandy. It's just that I believe in correct dress. It's good discipline."

In the old days I used to trade materials with the Duke of Windsor and tiepins with Michael Arlen. Today there is not so much interest.

"I think London is probably the smartest place today," said Menjou. "The Duke of Edinburgh and young Doug Fairbanks—they know a thing or two."

"Were you born a man of the world," I asked.

"No. I came from Pittsburgh, son of a hotelier. Charlie Chaplin cast me in an early film."

Paris. Said you look the man of the world, you had better be one. Before he was out of his twenties, the boy from Pittsburg was tinting his hair grey. "Nothing like a touch of grey to give a man the experienced look."

Menjou's reputation has earned him a unique following in Europe. He has something Continentals understand and admire. In Paris he is surrounded by autograph hunters. In Italy children run after him. And in Spain recently, a leading matador dedicated a bull to him.

"Nasty business," said Menjou elegantly. "They give you the bull's ears."

"I didn't know what to do with mine, so I gave them to the waiter. He wept with delight."

Elegant Women

He talked about elegant women. "You don't see them around so much in Paris. They sleep all day," he said, knowingly.

At that moment an elegant woman approached. "Hello, sweetie," she said. "So here you are, tucked away in this dark corner, again eating all the peanuts." And Mrs Menjou gave me a woman-to-woman smile.

She looked at her watch. It was 7.30, and the Paris evening had scarcely begun.

Apologetically, she turned to me. "We are used to getting to bed early, you know. Real home birds. We usually eat at 6.30, then Adolphe puts on his slippers, and spends the evening glued to television."

The good rule knows when he's beaten. Menjou gave his wife a warm smile and got to his feet.

Out under the street lights of Paris, he looked the picture of sophistication. In his navy suit.

"Fish supper for two," he roared. Leaning on his malacca-handled broly, he put his fingers in his mouth and whistled.

(Copyright)

THE PILGRIM CITY IS FAIRLY MODERN

By **Selwyn Vaughan**

SEVERAL months ago, the bodies of more than 1,000 pilgrims were found piled high in a Moslem shrine near Teheran after Persia's worst flood disaster in memory. Whole families were wiped out.

Eye-witness accounts reported that the village of Farahzad was thronged with pilgrims, many of whom were old and sick and lame and were seeking cures at the shrine there which is supposed to have miraculous healing powers.

When the news of the floods reached the pilgrims, some devout Moslems shouted instructions to flee into Mohammed's Shrine, and that the Prophet would save them. Instead of listening, some fled to the nearby hills. These were among the few survivors. The rest perished.

These pilgrims were most unfortunate in their tragic death, but they are only a few of the hundreds of thousands of Moslems who make pilgrimages to the sacred shrines of the Prophet every year—a virtual migration without parallel in modern history.

Black Stone

More than 200,000 from the furthest corners of Asia, Africa and the Middle East make a pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca every year. They come by foot, on horseback, in cars, on camels, in automobiles and even aeroplanes. Many suffer extreme privations, many die on the way, but year after year thousands of Moslems fulfil their ambition by reaching this city—the centre of Islam.

Even before Mohammed began his military and spiritual invasion of this part of the world, Mecca was already a place of pilgrimage, where the Black Stone—a meteoric rock—and the famous well of Zem Zem, were the subjects of veneration. The water of this well, which has a slightly brackish taste, has, from time immemorial, been regarded as miraculous.

Religious Duty

There are some 220,000,000 Moslems in the world today, and to each one of these people, a visit to Mecca is considered as a religious duty. No matter where they live, they may spend a lifetime of saving and scrapping to get together enough money to make just one pilgrimage to see the birthplace of the Prophet Mohammed. The Prophet wrote in the Koran (the Moslem "Bible") that all his followers must, at least once in their lives, make the sacred journey. If they are too ill, the Koran demands that a deputy be sent.

To most people, Mecca is one of those fabulous cities shrouded in mystery and legend and ancient history. It is, in fact, a fairly modern city with electricity, theatres, and even a broadcasting station.

Today, pilgrims can go there safely and play there without harm befalling them. They have been able to do this ever since the city was captured by King Ibn Saud. He was also responsible for raising the standards of health. Insanitary conditions among pilgrims used to be a great scourge, and even

today there are outbreaks of infectious diseases on occasions.

Mecca is the largest city in Arabia, and pilgrims have to cross the desert to get to it. On the journey they make five stops, and with their faces turned to the city, they kneel and pray. As they get closer to it, their devotion increases.

A few miles outside, white-washed pillars mark the beginning of the most sacred sanctuary of Islam. Once inside, pilgrims must not shed blood, have impure thoughts or commit a crime of any sort. Automobiles can go no further than this point.

The city lies in a hollow about two miles long and a half-mile wide. It is, therefore, almost shut in by bare hills, from which occasional winter torrents descend and flood the main streets. It is not a beautiful city. Food supplies are brought in every day from surrounding oases.

Pilgrims have to cook their own food, and they have to pay high charges for renting stoves in the rest-houses that dot the hills around the city. The faithful are usually overcharged for their rooms—anything from about £3 to £30, depending on the proximity to the sacred shrines.

Water Scarce

Water is a very expensive item because there are few sweet wells inside the city. The approximate price of a bucketful is about one shilling.

The main thoroughfare of Mecca is crowded obliquely by the Kaaba—the sacred shrine, which

is a broad, cobble-paved street lined with shops. Pilgrims have to traverse this sacred course several times.

Enclosed by houses in the broadest part of the valley is the Great Mosque of Mecca. Inside the Mosque about 200,000 pilgrims can assemble at one time. The entrance is by 40 exquisitely carved gates. The Mosque itself is a large quadrangle surrounded by arcades with pillars of marble and granite.

In the centre is the Kaaba—a pre-Islamic temple subsequently rebuilt—which is the same shrine of Islam. Framed in silver and built into a wall in one corner is the Black Stone. This is regarded as the most sacred emblem of Islam and is kissed or saluted by pilgrims.

Sacred Emblem

Centuries of touching and kissing have actually worn into the substance of the Black Stone. In this respect it has had the same treatment as the statue of St. Peter which stands in St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome. Throughout the centuries Roman Catholic pilgrims have kissed the toe of this statue until it has more than half worn away by the pressure of countless millions of lips.

In another corner of the Great Mosque stands the Yemeni Stone, another sacred emblem which pilgrims touch by hand. This Stone is not covered as is the Kaaba, which is draped with a heavy covering of black embroidered silk, which is called the Kiswah. This is made in Egypt and is renewed every year. Each old Kiswah is put in a bag and the place is sold to pilgrims.

The sacred well of Zem Zem is also in the Great Mosque. It is completely covered by a building. Pilgrims buy the allegedly miraculous waters drawn from this well to take home with them. They also dip strips of linen into the well and use the same linen for burial shrouds.

Although the road to Mecca is fairly modern, and the transport, in general, is not so primitive, it is not an easy one. Thousands have died on it. Some years ago, for example, some 2,000 Moslems from China set out to Mecca. Only 22 survived the complete journey. In all fairness, however, it should be borne in mind that many of these died long before they actually reached Arabia.

Great Climax

One of the most amazing sights in the world is the great climax to the Moslem pilgrimage—the visit to Arafat, where the white-robed pilgrims have to stand. Between sunrise and ten in the morning, all pilgrims leave Mecca and take to the "road." Some walk, some ride, others go by car and camel.

When they get to Arafat, they listen to a sermon and pray until sunset. Then there is the so-called "night from Arafat." When the sun has set, the thousands of pilgrims suddenly rise and go to Mina—the half-way station to Mecca—as soon as they can. This is usually an enormous scramble and many are hurt. There they wait for the crescent moon to rise, and an unearthly silence hangs over the assembled multitudes.

No white men who are not Moslems may enter the holy city, and there are many nasty stories told about the fate of those who have tried. Some, however, have managed to get into the shrine undetected and have lived to tell the story.

Quality
need not be expensive



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WHY are women afraid of HUMOUR?

Is it possible that women, those clever chameleon creatures who have recently had to learn to develop so many of men's good qualities to add to their own peculiar undefinable natures, have not yet learned how to grow a sense of humour?

Humour, or at least a sense of the ridiculous, ought to grow in women with their milk teeth. Anyone who has to attempt to juggle with husbands, babies, housekeeping, milkmen, boilers, laundries, dressmaking, cooking and often earning one's own pocket-money and paying tax on it, should be able to laugh like a horse.

But that isn't the way women seem to me to work. Think of the great humorous writers—from Rabelais to Evelyn Waugh in the days when he used to make us laugh. Very hard to find a woman to touch them. It's almost always been a man's eye that detects the lunacy in the world, identifies the seal behind the helmsman and the tragedy-comedy in men, women and dogs.

Women writers are generally best at scenes of sensitivity and passion—and usually it

takes a man to notice that passion can be very funny.

Women are specially good at depicting satirical, savage heroes with mad wives locked up in the back bedroom, or lordly detectives with a taste for quotation or amorous French aristocrats, or wicked Cornish aristocrats. Lady writers in general seem to have been particularly partial to writing about the aristocracy and, so far, only Nancy Mitford has dared to find it a funny subject.

... Is it because men might NOT take them seriously?



Joyce Grenfell, Nancy Mitford and Cecily Courtneidge—laughter is their business.

by AMANDA MARSHALL

Gibbons wrote "Cold Comfort Farm," the funniest book ever, about the deep horror of the English countryside, and made the names of Aunt Ada Doom, Seth, Ark and Reuben forever immortal.

those abominable obnoxiousness at the Victoria Palace. Then there are those gentlemen who are witty in themselves and the cause of wit in others—the great conversationalists, raconteurs and dinner-party performers.

Think of all the women who would love to snare such talkers as Lord David Cecil, Isaiah Berlin or Peter Ustinov to make a party glitter like the Battersea Fun Fair on a Saturday night. Who rivals them among women?

Big hats

It is just possible, of course, that women have been concealing a sense of humour for centuries for fear men might begin not to take them seriously.

A lot of intrinsically funny things like big hats and false eyelashes and soufflés that don't rise, simply must be taken seriously by women. For sometimes they have to build the whole edifice of life on them.

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DANCING KEEPS A MARRIAGE HAPPY

By JEAN WISEMAN

London. And apart from introducing his staff and his technique, Mr Manning has a brand new dance up his sleeve which is predicted as THE winter smash hit. The Merengue is a folk-dance of the Dominican Republic, with an irresistible tempo. Currently sweeping the United States. It is described oddly enough, as having a "lame duck look."

Arthur Murray, the world's No. 1 dance teacher, who includes Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt and the Duke of Windsor among his 7,000,000 pupils, believes that dancing keeps a marriage happy.

"At bridge, husband and wife sit at opposite sides of the table, and their only contact may be a kick on the shin," he says. "But when dancing, husband and wife really participate as a unit."

Mr Murray believes that dancing has a value as a means of social and business advancement. And in America he has persuaded business executives to pop out for an occasional lesson and harassed housewives to put dancing on the shopping list.

"They go back to work physically and mentally refreshed," says Mr Murray.

Because all teachers are under penalty of dismissal not to make dates, these lessons don't represent any danger to the family circle.

With 350 schools operating in eight countries, Mr Murray is now sure of his facts, and he is bringing over his right-hand man, one of the most accomplished ballroom dancers in the world to launch a new British school. The expert is 20-year-old Earl Manning, who will have an initial staff of some 60 teachers all in the £1,000 a year bracket.

"If you are on the short side, train yourself to dance on the tips of your toes instead of balancing your weight on the soles of your feet. Always imagine that you are trying to reach the ceiling with the top of your head—stretch high up from the waist to gain height. Always lead with your feet. This will help you to lengthen your stride and make it as long as that taken by a girl five inches taller. And contrary to your taller sister, hold your elbows as high as you can to give an illusion of extra inches."

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A legend

Miss Mitford is, of course, one of the exceptions—women being particularly strong on proving exceptions to rules. Another was the greatest slyboots of all, Jane Austen.

Dorothy Parker is accepted as a wit and must be forgiven all her sins for once hanging the brief legend "MEN" on her office door because she got lonely and longed to be distracted from her work. Stella

But such women are truly few on the horizon. Their gingers, stinging wit is not characteristic of their sex. Think of the great comic geniuses in entertainment—the Marx Brothers, Sid Field and the incomparable Buster Keaton. The only comedian comes from Cecily Courtneidge. Joyce Grenfell, the peerlessly witty Bea Lillie, and the macabre, trumpet-toned Miss Gingsgold—good quality, but poor quantity to set against the massed ranks of

The Custodia, made from the first gold Columbus brought back from America. With masses of scintillating plate and precious stones, it rests in...

THE FLOODLIT TREASURY—RICHEST IN SPAIN

By JEREMY CROSSE

OUR car covered the road from Madrid to Toledo (running due south for 40 miles through busy agricultural country) in just under 90 minutes.

At the massive stone gateway—the size and shape of a fort—which marks the entrance to Toledo we had to start walking, for this city is a network of cobbled alleys so steep that only a patient donkey or a wary pedestrian can negotiate them.

Built on a rocky eminence girdled on three sides by the river Tagus, Toledo has

been described as history recorded in stone by men who could not read or write, and many people think that history more eloquent than anything written in books.

Toledo is the principal cathedral city of Spain, for its cardinal archbishop is primate of the Spanish Church.

LIVING MEMORIAL

What persuaded me to visit it, and what probably attracts most of the hundreds of tourists who come here annually, is the city's reputation as a living memorial of virtually every troubled stage of Spain's far from untouched history. It is, in addition, the most northerly Moorish city in the world, a fact plainly demonstrated by the North African features and the nut-brown skins of its inhabitants.

knives of the world-famous Toledo steel intricately inlaid with gold.

Once the Moorish capital of Spain, Toledo was later the centre from which the Emperor Charles V ruled an empire which extended from Austria and the Netherlands across the Americas to the East Indies and the city included within its walls a numerous and influential Jewish community.

For fifteen centuries the city has been closely linked with principal political, religious, and social events and crises of Spanish history, right up to the 1930-39 Civil War.

I visited the great cathedral, a 13th-century Gothic pile which stands on the site of a mosque, and although vastness and gloom are its principal characteristics, and although it is so shut in by the surrounding buildings that it is impossible to get a clear view of the exterior, I stood goggle in its treasury, which is the richest in Spain.

UNDER GUARD

Here, in tall glass cases, floodlit, permanently locked and under continuous guard, there is a scintillating mass of gold and silver plate—jewel-encrusted chalices, crucifixes, and processional crosses, and rich vestments studded with gold and silver embroidery whose designs are half hidden by precious and semi-precious stones.

The show piece is the Custodia, a steeply-shaped sacred vessel of elaborate and intricate design, 10 feet high, weighing 500 pounds, and made with the first gold which Columbus brought from America.

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All This-Front-page Fuss About Rita Hayworth!

HERE ARE SIX WHO FASCINATE ME

By Rene MacColl

MISS RITA HAYWORTH bobs into the news again. She is or is not in this or that kner. She is or is not wearing slacks and a battered homburg. She has or has not left Dick Haymes to sing solo in the Hollywood triplex apartment.

Maybe there are teeming millions who wait anxiously for news of Rita. It just so happens that she does not fascinate me.

Who does? I sat down and drew up a list of the women who do genuinely fascinate me. And to refresh your memory on the exact meaning of the word, let me quote from the Concise Oxford Dictionary: "To deprive victim of the power of escape or resistance by one's look or presence... attract irresistibly, enchant, charm."

Right. My six, fully considered, consist of one Englishwoman, one Belgian, one Russian, and three Americans. They include two princesses, a coloured actress, a ballerina, a Hollywood film star, and the wife of a traitor.

★ ★ ★

1 PRINCESS MARGARET. This young woman I find completely enchanting. There have been good-looking royalties in plenty; amiable royalties too. But Princess Margaret possesses to a most marked degree that quality, so difficult to define, so unmistakable when encountered, which is loosely termed sex-appeal.

She has superb eyes. She enjoys life with great gusto. She is shapely. She takes an interest in clothes. She is kind—and in my book kindness in a woman is very important.

She has a slightly tantalising, almost implish quality which—although dignity is never sacrificed—is a relief from the tedium of protocol.

When I was told to cover the Margaret Caribbean tour last winter, it was just another assignment as far as I was concerned.

But after a couple of weeks on the circuit I was captivated. A vivid, hard-working woman of boundless charm. I wish her well—and it would be impossible for anyone who has met her not to do so.

★ ★ ★

2 MARILYN MONROE. Oh, yes—please spare the ready jests and hearty laughter. I have the advantage over most of you of having had lunch with the lady in a studio "commissary" (canteen) a couple of years back.

The Monroe was completely unaffected and very nice. All eyes in the "commissary" were fixed on her, while the hamburgers cooled and the congealing portions of "Chicken à la King" went neglected.

And, you know, I love this anecdote. It was a very hot, sultry day, and I was desperately thirsty. As soon as I got into the Twentieth Century Fox

place, I downed an entire can of ice-water.

Result: no sooner had the lunch got under way than I started to sweat uncontrollably. It really rolled off me. My notebook was sodden, my handkerchief a rag.

After I'd left, Miss M. turned to the studio P.R. and said in maidenly astonishment: "Say, I knew I had a powerful effect on the guys—but did you get a load of the condition that Briton was in?"

★ ★ ★

3 LEPESHINSKAYA. She is a Soviet ballet dancer and she strikes me as being a glory of grace, besides enjoying a glowing mastery of her intensely difficult profession.

The Soviet ballet name best known in the Western world is that of Ulanova—but she is well past her prime, and nowadays a thought poorly.

I am no balletomane, but when you are marooned in Moscow you go off at night to whatever entertainment is on tap and often it is ballet at the renowned Bolshoi (Big) Theatre.

Lepeshinskaya wrings applause from you at the very moment when she first comes wafting into view. She gives you beauty and an intense joy of ethereal movement.

Besides being a top-notch dancer, she is an accomplished and moving actress who can and does reduce audiences to tears with a glance.

She is an athlete, a lovely, slender slice of poise. And she gives you the impression that her grace and youth are there for ever, and can never be blurred by the calendar.

★ ★ ★

4 THE PRINCESS DE BETHY. A woman who charms off a monarch always interests me.

This one started life as Mademoiselle Baels, daughter of an Ostend shrimp merchant (which explains the unkind sobriquet of "Princess Crayfish"). "The Shrimp Princess"—by which the lady is known to some sections of the cynical Brussels boulevard crowd.

Leopold, King of the Belgians, was a handsome, intense young man who married the gloriously beautiful Astrid of Norway. In August 1935, while they were holidaying by car in Switzerland, Leopold, at the wheel, smashed into a tree. He lived. Astrid died.

Leopold, unlike his famous father Albert, who had fought unflinchingly with the allies all through the 1914 war, was a sickly neutralist. But in 1940 Hitler gave him the back of his hand. The Belgian Army folded in a few days.

Leopold decided to stay on as an occupied monarch. Mademoiselle Baels stayed on too to comfort him. She was brunette, voluptuous, helpful.

Leopold upset many of his people when the marriage took place. It was, so many of the Belgians felt, all wrong for their monarch to marry during the war, and to marry a commoner—even if he did rapidly raise her status to that of princess—and then more or less retire for the duration.

But the point is that this black-haired, ardent girl from Ostend made the grade against the odds. She became the consort of a king. She got right in there into the Hit Parade, the Big Time. Fascinating? Oh, yes.

★ ★ ★

5 EARTHA KITT. I first saw her in Paris in 1930. The bulky, staring-eyed, not-so-young boy wonder named Orson Welles was putting on a couple of plays, one of them entitled "The Unthinking Lobster."

There were all sorts of hitches and delays, and Orson, when I

talked with him in the darkened auditorium during rehearsals, seemed harassed.

But, as usual, he had an ace up his sleeve—a smoky-voiced, lithe, multi-lingual, high-yellow girl. Of course, she wowed us all at sight.

Then, the following year in New York I dropped in to see the brilliantly original Broadway revue called "New Faces," starring virtual unknowns (it was shown over here, but not with the full treatment, as a film last year).

Eartha Kitt, with vastly added assurance, not only stopped the show but just about walked away with it under her arm.

Most people plumped for her song "Monotonous" (drawlingly pronounced "manatannas"), but my own favourite was "The Little Dance" most provocatively rendered in French.

Her languorous version of "C'est si bon" also contrives to raise the goose-pimples of the hearers in pleasant fashion.

Eartha is a girl who contrives to pout even while smiling. Or is it the other way about? She has intuition, and sharp, fast intelligence. Nice.

★ ★ ★

6 MRS MELINDA MACLEAN. Yes, finally we come to the wife of the Foreign Office spy-fugitive.

And here, let me remind you, I am fascinated by her in a quite different fashion from most of the others I have listed. But fascinated I am. I am not Melinda, now aged 39, a fantastically unlikely woman?

Consider: she is an American of conventional background (well educated in Chicago) and of conventionally American good looks. Quiet, well-mannered. Impeccable—or impeccable up to a point.

She married the handsome, well-thought-of Foreign Office man at the start of the war, has children by him.

One would have been prepared to take a large bet that her influence would have been consistently Right-wing, conservative, prudent.

One would have confidently guessed that when Donald started to take a large bet that her influence would have been consistently Right-wing, conservative, prudent.

There are two feasible explanations why Melinda MacLean, the pretty American wife with three charming children, blatantly and cruelly deceived and lied before furiously fleeing behind the Iron Curtain in 1953.

One — and the one most readily accepted by the sentimentalists — is that she was impelled to do it "for love of her husband, which transcended all else."

★ ★ ★

The other, and the one which I believe, is that Melinda was herself a Communist from way back, one of that plentiful "lost generation" of the 'thirties, when depression in the U.S.A. bred Reds in profusion—Reds in the colleges as well as Reds in the slums.

I think that it was her influence as much as anyone's that served to bring her husband down in sorry ruin as a traitor. That it was her Communist affiliations which caused her to decide that her three children should be lost to freedom and brought up in some dreary kommosol or other.

But whatever the truth, would you not give a lot to know what went on in Melinda MacLean's mind in those last months in Geneva? What goes on in that mind now? A woman's mind. A fascinating mind.

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WHY THE GIs CHOOSE BRITISH BRIDES

By Graham Fisher

NATURALNESS, sincerity, a lack of possessiveness, a willingness to give as well as take in marriage... these are the qualities which are winning British girls American husbands at the rate of 250 a month (a figure quoted by a United States Air Force general in a speech in London last week).

More than one in sixteen of the 48,000 American airmen and soldiers now over here are taking English brides back home with them when their tour of duty ends.

More Genuine

The qualities which attract them to our girls were pinpointed by two young U.S. airmen on the atom bomb base at Sculthorpe, Norfolk. Both have married in the past few months.

"I'd say your English girls are more genuine than the average American girl, more

sincere, more considerate. And they don't try to possess a man body and soul," said Roger Wallace, a 21-year-old aircraft mechanic.

This good-looking six-footer from Ohio met his dimpled, checked, Norwich-born wife Jocelyn at a camp dance.

"If you print this I guess I'll be accused of being unable to get a girl back home," he told me. "I went with plenty of girls in the States, but not one I'd want to marry. English girls like my wife have got it all over their American sisters."

"I figure these English women make such good wives because they look upon being a wife as a job in itself. They don't go into marriage simply for what they can get out of it in the way of clothes and cosmetics."

James Eshelman, a 22-year-old armament mechanic who looks like a slightly younger edition of Peter Scott, dipped in. "American girls are too possessive. They want to keep you glued to them the whole time. English girls give a man a measure of freedom; let him feel he's his own boss."

Eshelman, from Minnesota, was married three months ago to Shirley Freeman, an attractive 21-year-old shorthand typist from Ashford, Kent. He met her when she was on a seaside holiday in Norfolk. It was July 4—American Independence Day.

They're Spoilt

"I'm still independent enough," he said grinning. "If I want a beer I go out and have one. English girls treat a man as though he is a man. My wife checks with me before she buys anything big. No American wife would do that; she'd just go out and buy it."

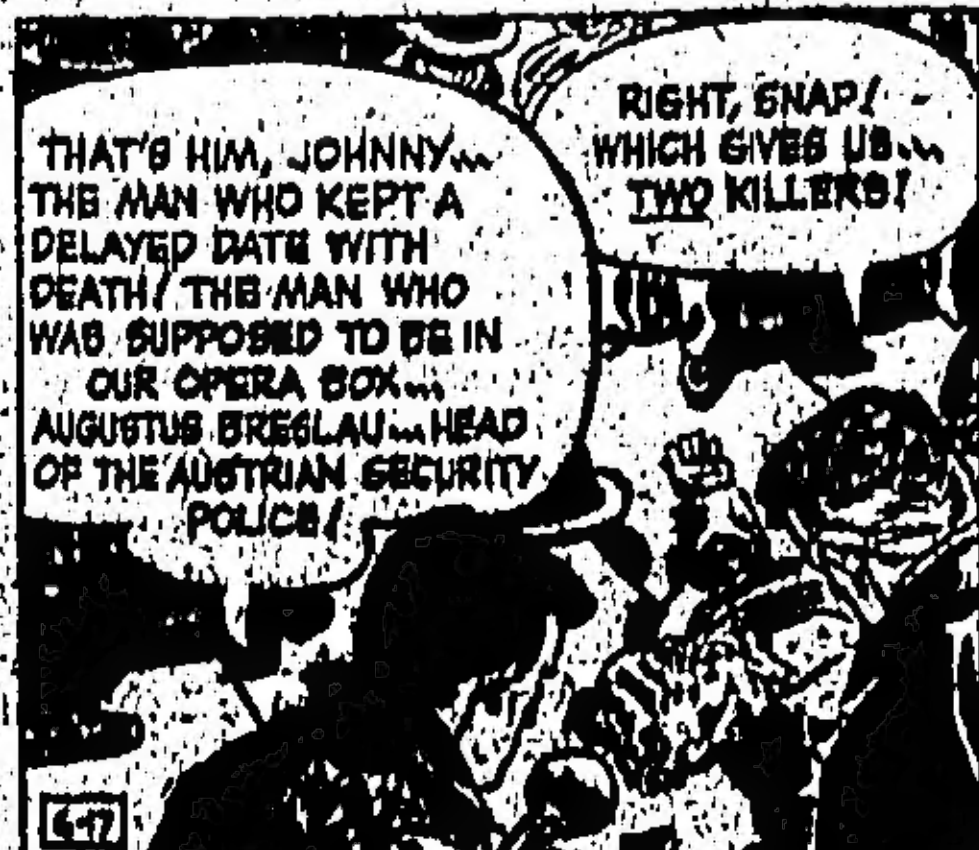
"American women are independent in that way all right, but not when it comes to opening a car door or lighting a cigarette. Then they want a man to do it for them."

A staff sergeant, sitting in on the conversation, said: "Don't blame the American women. American men have made them that way."

He shook his head sadly. "In the States I guess we spoil our women."

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JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

SMART MATERNITY CLOTHES

By Dorothy Barkley



From Left To Right: Evening outfit in silver brocade and black velvet, two-piece in grograin, and one of the new tunic tops in checked felt.

MOTHERS-TO-BE are giving up those dull, serviceable clothes and going in for fashion in a striking way. So many mothers now combine career and family that they need the smart clothes they might otherwise go without. And designers are seeing that they get them.

So throw away those drab, dreary smocks, which you wore because you thought they were the only thing available.

There's help on the way at last if you still want to look young and attractive—and why shouldn't you?—and if you still want to lead a fairly active social life—and why shouldn't you?

Very practical help it is, too. It should make these sad, shapeless outfits a thing of the past. For the full smocked look which proclaimed your state long before it was necessary is done away with, and in its place comes a sleek, fashionable, but essentially attractive appearance.

This week, with artist Elizabeth, I called on two people who are giving maternity clothes the glamour treatment. Both designer Polly Peck and Mrs. David Kremer, who has just opened a speciality shop, have the same idea. They want to give maternity clothes good styling, bright colours and striking materials.

Gay, Practical

After a quick look round, we can report that they have done so. Together we compiled this shopping list. All of the items are gay, most of them are practical in that they can be worn after the baby's arrival, and none of them are costly.

For wear around the house there is an adapted version of the pinafore dress, which makes a practical house frock and is also smart enough for doing the shopping. It is really a pinafore suit, the top is tunic style, casual and loose-fitting, with scooped-out neck and no sleeves, the skirt in a matching fabric is slim with an adaptable waist-line. Under the suit goes a cotton shirt with a matching tie.

For trips to town come innumerable versions of the two-piece suit. With the long boxy jacket of current fashion, these will serve you in good stead after the baby's arrival. Jackets usually have a double row of buttons for easy conversion. Skirts have expanding waist-

lines, and either a pouch front which the trade has named " kangaroo " or a scooped-out U-shaped front. In any case if you like wearing a slim skirt don't imagine that it is now impossible. It is not—provided you choose one with either of these devices.

Our favourite outfit had a three-quarter length coat and pencil skirt. In a dressy material—grograin criss-crossed with cellophane straw—it had all the details of current fashion. A long, tunic-like top, sloping out from narrow shoulders to a wide hem, stiff stand-away collar and three-quarter sleeves.

But why so much black over-where? Black for day suits, black for evening, black for afternoon dresses. It may be a smart colour but surely most mothers prefer the soft, flattering tones.

Tunic Tops

For evening clothes we liked best the overblouse teamed with a slim skirt, or for those who prefer them, tapered velvet slacks. One striking outfit, which Elizabeth has sketched, partners a silver threaded brocade blouse with black velvet jeans. The tunic top—which has

replaced the smock—buttons down the back, has the smart stand-away neckline, and is given a fresh touch with the scalloped edging. Other materials for evening are metal threaded organza and tulle in dazzling colours.

For casual everyday wear, to go with slacks or slim skirts, there are numerous variations on the tunic top. Elizabeth has sketched one here in checked felt.

In Fashion

Apart from this, we noticed that much of current fashion is accommodatingly suitable for you. There's the caftan tunic, Dior's Eastern-looking three-quarter length coat. There are the casual, straight up and down shirts, worn outside the skirt or slacks, belted or unbelted. And you will find innumerable unwaisted coats, with enormous wrap-around skirts.

By wearing these, you will be in fashion and at the same time no one will guess your silhouette. Even if you do not happen to be running a job for part of the time, you will realise how important it is to have pretty and imaginative clothes—simply to keep up your morale.

USEFUL TIPS ON

Lighting The Work Area

HOME work, usually an unpleasant task for Junior, is even more so if his work area is poorly lighted.

The American Home Lighting Institute says that 25 percent of school-age children have defective eyesight, with eye trouble increasing by educational level.

While poor lighting alone has not been known to cause organic eye disease, the Institute adds, "it can cause eye strain, fatigue, headaches and nervousness, thus reducing the child's study efficiency."

One of the most common faults to lighting a study area is use of a single desk lamp, the Institute says.

It says that light should be balanced; provide a light at the study desk and general light throughout the room.

Some other lighting tips from the Institute:

Place the desk so that it faces a light-coloured wall. The wall will reflect more light on the

work and create a better "seeing" environment.

The desk should have a light surface, or be covered with a light-tinted blotter to avoid harsh contrasts.

Light up the rest of the room with ceiling or wall fixtures which cast down light on the room.

If your child studies at the dining room or kitchen table, better install the type of centre ceiling fixture which can be raised or lowered. For studying lower the fixture to provide specific study light, and turn on other lights in the room to provide general illumination.—United Press.

There's A Golden Girl Rush In London... And The Magnet Is Glamour

By Eileen Ascroft

THE Golden Girl Rush is on from overseas. So glamorous have the lives of the top London model girls become that pretty girls from all parts of the world are arriving in London every week set on one of the top fashion or photographic modelling jobs.

No longer do peers seek their brides in the front row of the chorus. It's more popular today to choose one of the new Gaiety Girls. London model girls who married titles, include the Duchess of Rutland, the Countess of Dalkeith and Lady Douglas of Kirtleside.

Apart from the possibility of capturing a titled or wealthy husband, there are plenty of other attractions about a successful model girl's life to pretty youngsters with good figures.

ATTRactions

There's the salary, for instance. £2,500 a year is not an ambitious estimate of what one of the top girls can earn. In addition she gets photographic trips abroad, with all expenses paid, and a number of lovely

clothes either free or at reduced prices.

Then there are the parties and the invitations to country house weekends. There's a new kudos to a model girl today that makes her socially acceptable in the most exclusive circles.

Of all the hundreds of girls each year who scrape and save for their training, and then join the difficult search for work, how many really succeed? Very, very few. Currently there are about a dozen Golden Girls at the top, always in demand for work and social fun, and perhaps, another score in the second flight.

HARD WORK

After that, the job is not glamorous any more. It means a regular 9.0-5.0 job in a dress house at a salary lower than a shorthand typist's. It involves hard work and hours on the feet, and precious little chance of ever being spotted by one of the fashion photographers.

In spite of the disadvantages, the Golden Girl Rush goes on. From Australia comes 29-year-old June Mallett, a brunette, with a glowing, healthy tan. She arrived in January, and has been model-

ling since July, specialising in young, casual, unsophisticated clothes, and getting the reputation of "the girl you want when a Big Smile is needed."

There are more Australian would-be models in London today than from any other country. Probably inspired by the fabulous success of Nola Rose, who came to London in 1948 as Miss Pacific, and has held one of the top places ever since.

Svetlana Kassimova is a lovely dark-eyed Russian girl, who was a ballet dancer until January this year when she tore a leg muscle. This training gives her the advantage of beautiful poise and movement and a 22in. waist.

I saw her the other day, modelling Oriental-inspired millinery for autumn and winter, designed by Simone Mirman, who makes Princess Margaret's gay little hats.

Wenche (pronounced Venka) Oestbye is a striking Norwegian blonde from Stavanger. She came to London in March to be near her English fiancé and got a job with designer Neil Roger. "Wenche is just the model I was looking for—Scandinavian girls have that wonderful blonde glint," he says.

Chinese model Llan-shin Yang (Lotus Heart) thinks that the present Eastern trend in fashion will help in her search for work. Her tiny 21in. waist has already brought her jobs advertising slimming tablets, and she has modelled young girl styles and posed for hands and hair photographs.

TO THE TOP?

With her to London she has brought many quilted Chinese dresses to keep out the cold and one of the first sacrifices she had to make for her work was to cut her beautiful hair, which reached to her knees.

One of these eager girls may go to the top, two, perhaps, another may capture an eligible husband and live happily ever after. The rest will face a few hard years of little work and low pay and then drift into other jobs or back to their homes overseas.

But one thing is sure—as they leave for home a new batch of recruits will be arriving, seeking, hoping and believing that they are destined to become one of the Golden Girls of the London model world.

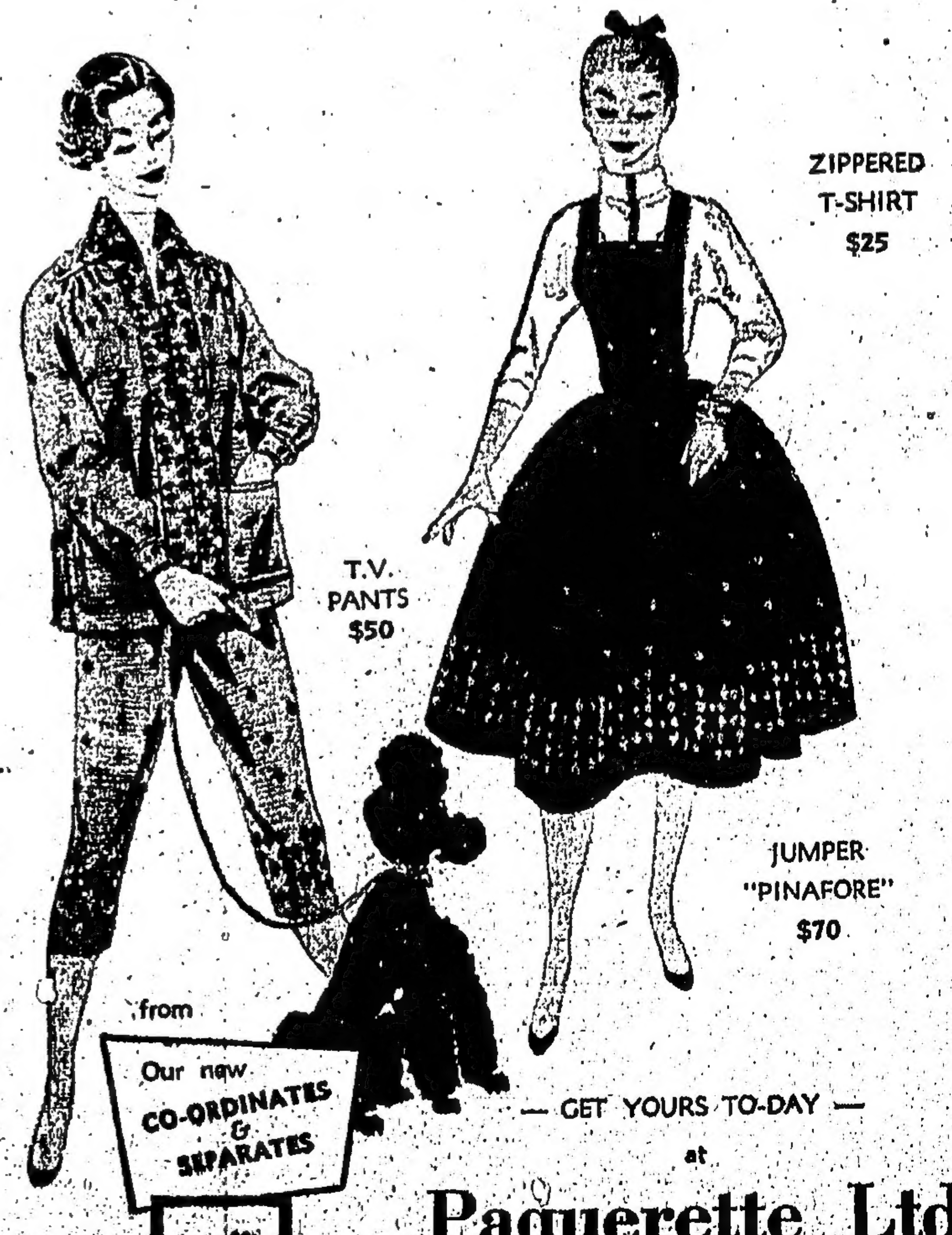
(London Express Service)

DIOR CAFTAN FOR EVENING



The main feature of this evening ensemble by Christian Dior is the caftan, his latest creation with an Eastern flavour. It is in white with a heavy gold embroidery—the long wide sleeves and the wide skirt.

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WOMAN PSYCHOLOGIST SAYS: Parental Flareups Are Not Harmful

PARENTS who flare up at their children occasionally shouldn't worry about it, according to a woman psychologist.

"Parents are human and are subject to stress and strain," with Helen Ross in a recent issue of the National Parent-Teacher. "But annoyance at the moment is not as damaging to the child as withholding of love."

Miss Ross, teacher, lecturer and administrative director of the Chicago Institute of Psychoanalysis, said the parent ideal as set forth today does not always make allowance for normal impatience and the day-

to-day wear-and-tear in all families. Perhaps it is time to say that this is all very natural and that youngsters are rarely hurt by their parents' annoyance, so long as it is not chronic or mean, she explained.

She said pre-school children "can be particularly annoying," and it is at this time that parents need the most patience. Exercising understanding and affection, she feels, is a better way to teach appropriate behaviour than instilling a fear of punishment.

But even more important, she concluded is for parents to understand themselves—show own moods and temperaments. This makes it easier to deal with their children, United Press.

With her to London she has brought many quilted Chinese dresses to keep out the cold and one of the first sacrifices she had to make for her work was to cut her beautiful hair, which reached to her knees.

One of these eager girls may go to the top, two, perhaps, another may capture an eligible husband and live happily ever after. The rest will face a few hard years of little work and low pay and then drift into other jobs or back to their homes overseas.

But one thing is sure—as they leave for home a new batch of recruits will be arriving, seeking, hoping and believing that they are destined to become one of the Golden Girls of the London model world.

(London Express Service)



COMMITTEE members of the Hongkong Family Planning Association greeting Mrs. Margaret Sanger, President of the International Planned Parenthood Federation, aboard the President Cleveland. Mrs. Sanger was on her way to Tokyo to attend an international planned parenthood conference. From left: Mrs. Mahoney, Mrs. Violet Chan, Mrs. Sanger, Mrs. J. Jolly, Mrs. Lee Hin-lung, Mrs. Li Hock-wo, Mrs. Lee Hah-liang. (Staff Photographer)



AT the cocktail party given by the Hongkong and Kowloon Trade Union Council to celebrate the Double Tenth. Mr. Everett F. Drumright, United States Consul-General, greeting Mrs. Roy Mar. On the left is Mr. Lam Yuk-sang. (Staff Photographer)



TOP picture shows the finalists in the girls' 100-metre freestyle event at the inter-schools swimming sports at the Chung Shing Pavilion on Tuesday. Miss Fung Ying-chee, the winner, in the centre, with Miss Cheung King-wah, second, on the left, and Miss Lee Lai-ping, third, on the right. In lower picture, the Colony champion, Wan Siu-ming, is receiving the Rowell Challenge Cup, on behalf of New Method College, from Mrs. E. G. Stewart. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Golf wizard Paul Hahn obligingly autographs cards for young admirers at Fanling. The famous golf showman and trick shot expert gave a demonstration lasting nearly two hours last Sunday, when he stopped off here in the course of a round-world tour. (Staff Photographer)



MR. and Mrs. Gordon Wigglesworth and their friends who attended the christening of their daughter, Julia Solina, at St. John's Cathedral last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



AMONG those attending the annual reunion dinner of past students of the Hongkong Technical College. From left: Mr. Ng Wing-hong, Chairman of the Old Boys' Association, Mrs. Burt, Mr. S. J. G. Burt, the Principal, and Mr. J. W. O'Young. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mrs. B. T. Flanagan handing the Hamm Trophy to Mr. A. K. Minu at the conclusion of the Hongkong Electric Co., Ltd.'s staff lawn bowls competition last Saturday. Mr. Minu captained the Local Staff team, which beat the European Staff. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr. Donald Joseph Bryan and Miss Clara Kwa, who were married last Saturday at St. Margaret's Church, seen with their attendants after the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)

CHRISTENING at the Ricci Hall Chapel last Sunday of Kevin Walter John Allwright, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Allwright. (Ming Yuen)



BELOW: Members of the Kowloon Tong Garden City Association at their tennis closing day party. Seventh from left, seated in second row, is Mr. C. L. Tam, the Chairman. Mr. C. T. Choy, Vice-Chairman, is on his right, and Mr. Tseng Yu-hwa, Hon. Secretary, on his left. (Staff Photographer)

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LEARN YOUR CRICKET

SWING FOR POWER

THE drive is the most exhilarating stroke in cricket. As he matures in physique and experience, every young batsman should begin to feel that the half-volley is a challenge which he is ready and eager to meet.

The technique of the drive, whether straight, on or off, is really the same as that for the forward defensive strokes except that the bat lift is higher and the ball is hit just beside the left toe rather than met in front of it.

The power of the drive comes from a lengthened and accelerated swing in which arms, wrists, and hands all take part. The arc of this swing must be as long, smooth, and flat as possible; the left arm and hand must control it; the right hand will reinforce it just before the bat meets the ball, but it must not come in too early or it will tend to pull the swing across the line of the ball.

A good principle to aim at in driving is to keep the left arm as close as possible to the body in the back swing and the right arm as close as possible to it in the forward swing.

As in the forward stroke, lead with your head, left shoulder and hip on to the line of the ball.

Watch the ball all the way to do so you must keep balanced and keep your head as level as you can. Resist the temptation to lift your head.

CONTROL In driving is essential, if you try to hit too hard, your drive may well become a dig in a hedge instead of a swing. Think in terms of hitting the ball smoothly and cleanly past the in-fields rather than of carrying the boundary.

Provided the ball is far enough up, the drive can be played with a single stride, but you must also learn to "use your feet" to get to the pitch of the slower, higher and shorter ball.

To do this you must learn to glide out with your right foot moving out behind your left until the final stride.

Only so can you keep sideways with your left shoulder to the line. Make this glide as smooth and as flat as you can and be sure that your head leads.

This ability to use your feet to get to the pitch of the ball is invaluable in playing slow bowling, go all the way; it is far better to be stumped by a yard than by six inches.

But remember that the wider the ball is on the off-side, the more difficult it is to move both out and across to it. A slow bowler who knows his business will try to tempt a good drive to chase the wide half-volley.

Taken from "Cricket—How to Play" produced for the M.C.C. and published in the "Play the Game" series by Educational Productions Ltd.



The start of the straight drive.



In moving out with both feet, move up the right foot behind the left.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Who was the youngest boxer to win the World heavyweight title?
2. Which sportsman "sell dummies"?
3. What is the highest ever break made in billiards?
4. Who were the first men to fly the Atlantic?
5. Anagrams of Wimbledon Champions. Who are (a) LBLI DITNLE (b) LADD NO BEDUG (c) DEFR REYIP (d) GEUDR TYTAP?
6. With what sports do you associate the following (a) Sander Tharos (b) Harvie Ward (c) Eddy Choong (d) Nina Valdez?
7. A youthful bird? He recently won a European boxing title. Who is he?
8. Who is the odd man out in the following (a) Peter May (b) Emil Zatopek (c) Len Hutton (d) Ken Rosewall?
9. William Webb Ellis is known as the founder of which sport?
10. Which is the correct spelling (a) Lords' (b) Lords or (c) Lord's?

(Answers See Page 17)

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

CHINESE SOCCER PLAYERS OWE MUCH TO THE SPECTATORS

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Last Monday evening I had the pleasure of watching part of the Double Tenth Charity game in the company of a recent arrival in the Colony. He is a man of very considerable football experience and possesses a sound and constructive appreciation of the game.

As we watched the brilliant Chinese inside-forwards cut the Rest's defence to ribbons he was virtually spellbound. Their delightful inter-changing of position, the uncanny ball control, the unerring sense of anticipation and the ability to turn out-field superiority into goals all gave him a thrill that he confessed he had missed badly in his British soccer entertainment these past few years.

The progress of the game gave us plenty of opportunity to consider the relative merits of his profession... a football player... but of the type of game the teams played.

Our visitor asked one pertinent question; the sort that is difficult to answer; but the kind that sets one thinking.

His question was this: "Why are these Chinese players so superior to the opposition?"

COMPLEX QUERY

A y answer to such a complex query must be largely a matter of opinion and it is certain that many football folks would offer very different arguments to support their own particular points of view.

When the question was put to me I deliberately avoided any answer but swung it back to the interrogator with the comment that as the onlooker is supposed to see most of the game, it would be interesting to hear what he had found different about "our set-up" in Hongkong and how it might have influenced the development of our local players.

His considered comments on this matter should make most interesting reading for all who are connected with football in the Colony.

Here, as accurately as I can recall it, is what he had to say:

"My impressions are based on what I have seen at only four Senior and several Junior games and I would like you to make it clear that I am not suggesting that this is an expert analysis of the situation. However, I must confess that I have been most impressed by the play of the Chinese teams and, as one who tries to understand the finer points of the game, I have thought about it quite a lot during the short time I have been in Hongkong.

"If I was to be allowed to hazard a guess at the most important single factor in the whole set-up, I would say that the Chinese player has become great because the spectators have allowed and have even encouraged him to do so.

BRITISH SET-UP

"The brilliance of the two inside-forwards who played for the Combined Chinese tonight would never be permitted in the desperation of the present British set-up. These two boys are footballers of the kind I used to see many years ago.

They can work the ball, they can beat a man 'in-the-space-of-a-skip'—as we used to say, and they are never afraid to try and do something clever with the ball.

"When I say that their brilliance would not be permitted back home I want to make it clear that I am not suggesting that opponents would deliberately obstruct them. The stoppage would come first of all from club managements who have become slaves to safety-first football and first-time, speed crazy, tactics.

If you think this is far fetched just recall that the man who is considered by many to be the cleverest footballer in England at the present time... Tommy Hamer of the Spurs... cannot get a game in the Club's First Eleven simply because neither the management nor the crowd will allow him to play his natural game and exploit his natural ability.

"The second great obstacle to men like Yiu and Ho in England is that as soon as they started their ball juggling the spectators would sell up the inquisitive crowd call that has brought British soccer to its current low ebb... 'Get rid of it'.

"The idea that it is impossible to play football in the style and tempo of a few years ago is at the root of many of the ills of British football. The brilliant ball-player, whose greatest

WEEK'S GAMES

This afternoon all roads will lead to Caroline Hill where South China and Kitchee have their first meeting of the season. This game is the highlight of a varied programme in which there should be plenty of good entertainment for all. The full programme is as follows:—

Today
South China v. Kitchee at Caroline Hill; Navy v. St Joseph's at Causeway Bay.

Tomorrow
KMB v. CAA at Caroline Hill; Sing Tao v. Kwong Wah at Club; Club v. Army at Causeway Bay; RAF v. Eastern at Boundary Street.

Games listed for today and tomorrow will start at 5.15 p.m.

Tuesday
Kitchee v. Sing Tao at Caroline Hill; Police v. KMB at Boundary Street.

South China will start favourites against Kitchee this afternoon but they would be well advised not to take Kitchee lightly for they are quite capable of causing a big upset, but I cannot see the Caroline Hill boys being beaten.

One of the most refreshing features of the season is the revival of the Royal Navy who came so near to deserting senior football at the end of last season. Now they are playing fast attractive football and will give the Saints a hard run for their money.

A ROYAL OCCASSION



It's quite a Royal occasion when Queen of the Show Ring Pat Smythe brings Prince Hal over one of the stiff jumps in the London Stakes at the Horse Of The Year Show at Harringay.—Reuterphoto.

The Lawn Bowls Season Comes To Its Conclusion This Week-End

By "TOUCHER"

The Colony Lawn Bowls season officially comes to its conclusion during the coming week with a series of competitive and social matches.

Heading the programme is the annual Aitkenhead Shield match this afternoon between Hongkong and Kowloon. The Mainland has always had the edge over the Island team, having won the series 14 times out of the 22 years that the Shield was competed for.

This year is likely to be no exception and the Shield will probably go again to the Kowloon bowlers for the fourth year in succession. The Kowloon team will have, however, only a slight edge in the First Division rinks, and in the Second Division the balance will be fairly even. It is in the Third Division that Kowloon will collect most of their points.

Both teams have done extremely well in making it a St. George's final.

The "A" team's win over India last week was expected, but it was the "B" team that covered themselves with glory when they outplayed the highly-favoured Hongkong "B" four to the tune of 25-13.

Although it is an all-England affair, the game should be worth watching as both fours seem to be very evenly matched. If anything, it will be the England "B" team who will enjoy slight odds as being a more balanced side.

B. W. Bradbury, skip of the England "A" four, however, is playing some very good bowls at the moment and, given good support by his front-men, is yet capable of leading his rink to victory.

The last official competitive event of the season, with the exception of the Inter-Hong pairs which are to be played during the winter months, is the Colony Ladies' Open Pairs final which is scheduled to be played off at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club on Tuesday.

Contestants are Mrs Sequiera and Mrs Gaffney of Kowloon Cricket Club and Mrs Campbell and Mrs Riley of Kowloon Dock Club. This should be a keenly-fought match with the

odds slightly in favour of the Kowloon Dock pair.

No fewer than three social-competitive matches will brighten the concluding week of the season with that type of bowls where everyone will be out to get the most enjoyment out of the game.

LIBERATION SHIELD

Both Kowloon Cricket Club and Craighower Cricket Club will figure as hosts in these matches. The former club will have almost an open-door party on Sunday when in addition to entertaining the Hancock Shield cricketers from Hongkong Cricket Club, it will also have the Kowloon Bowling Green Club Liberation Shield bowlers as its guests in the third and last match of the series.

A 40-shot win by the cricketers in the second match has put them in a commanding position and a double celebration seems to be in store for the hosts by the time the match is concluded.

"ATT" SHIELD

At the same time, Happy Valley will undoubtedly echo loud with some recognisable voices when the Annual Att Shield between the Filipino Club and Craighower Club gets under way.

Among the safety precautions taken is the omission of the ladies' rink in this match. This promises to be quite a battle not only with woods but also between glasses with the issue likely to be still undecided until the wee hours of the morning when the supper and dance are over.

VALLEY TROPHY

On Monday, the Valley Trophy competition will be concluded with the match between Craighower Cricket Club and the Hongkong Football Club.

Holders of the Trophy which was presented last year, Hongkong Football Club now enjoy a commanding lead as a result of their 85-shot win over Police Recreation Club about a week ago.

Craighower need somewhere in the region of 100 shots to recover the Trophy presented by one of their members—a well-nigh impossible task.

They are, however, putting their full team into this game and are resolved to give the Footballers a good run before allowing them to retain the Trophy for another year.

WEEK-END CRICKET

The only interesting First Division Cricket League match today is that between Indian Recreation Club and the reigning League Champions, Kowloon Cricket Club, at Sookumpoo.

The Indians last week showed that their batting can stand up to a good bowling side. Carnell, Lee, Bell and Fairhall are about as strong an attack as Recreation had last week at Sookumpoo and possibly stronger with Carnell in form.

This should be a very even game with either side capable of winning and the result will have some bearing on the Championship race.

The other leading teams in the first Division should have no difficulty in leading all the points. Craighower take on the Navy at King's Park, Recreation at home to Army North, Optimists to the Royal Air Force and Scorpions to the Police. Army South have a bye.

On Sunday and Monday, KCC are at home to the Hongkong Cricket Club in the first of the two annual Hancock Shield matches. The HKCC will be out in strength, but this is no League match and KCC have been known to win in the past despite their inferiority on paper. This time Pat Dodge is in the HKCC XI and, of course, that will make a difference.



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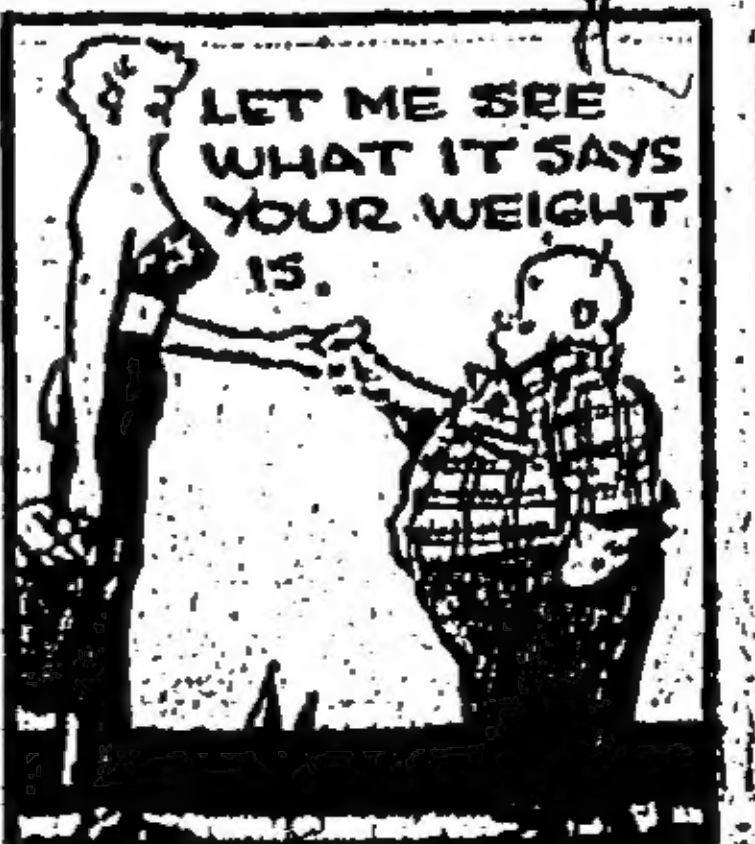
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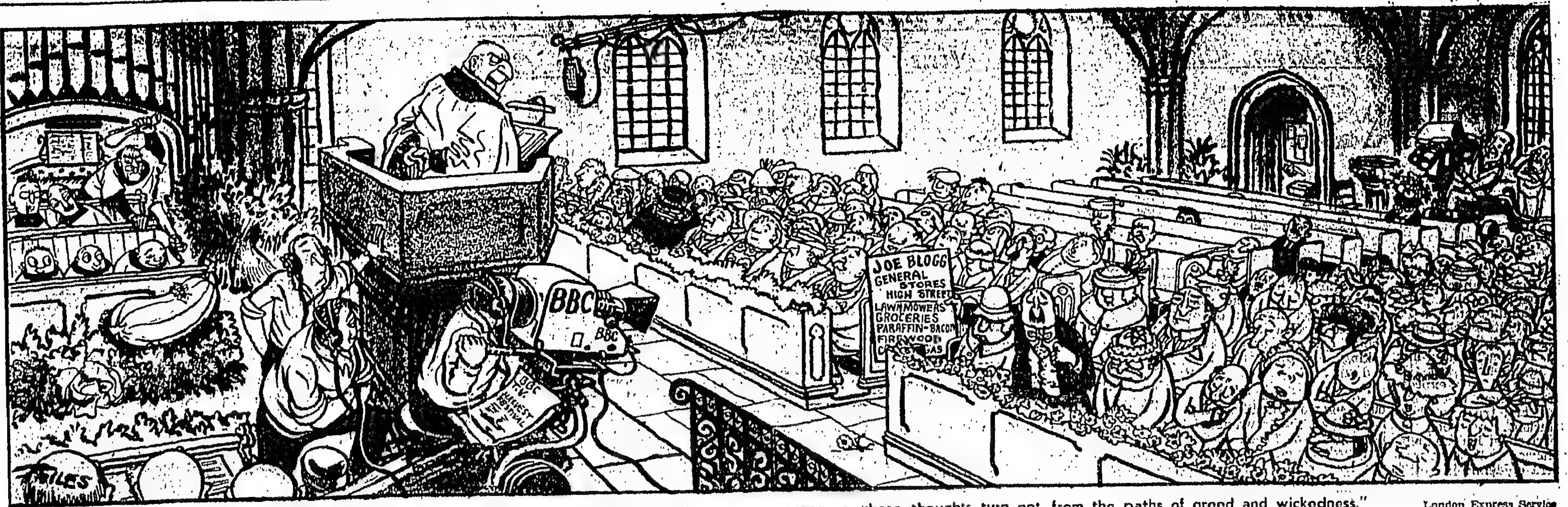


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London Express Service

THE NAUGHTY DUCHESS

SHE was called to appear before the Peers of the Realm assembled in historic Westminster Hall. As Duchess of Kingston she stood her trial dressed in black widow's weeds. The world held its breath for the outcome of the scandal.

And at the close of this pompous and ornate farce she walked out a free woman, no longer a dowager duchess. It is true, but still very much the Countess of Bristol.

A peeress had been found guilty of bigamy. Elizabeth Chudleigh was born in 1720, the only child of Colonel Thomas Chudleigh, Lieutenant-governor of Chelsea Hospital.

Her father died when she was six and left little money for mother and child. Elizabeth grew up in the country, far out of the social swim and none too well educated. But her saving grace was her beauty which even an attack of smallpox (at the age of 15) did not spoil.

Maid of honour

William Pittman, a distinguished MP later to become Earl of Bath, secured for Elizabeth the post of Maid of Honour to Augusta, wife of Frederick, Prince of Wales (Salary £400 a year).

Most of Maids of Honour lived with their mistresses at Leicester House and here Miss Chudleigh held a "court" of her own to many eligible young noblemen, some of whom had honourable intentions.

Among these was the 19-year-old Duke of Hamilton. James was very rich, tolerably good-looking and an excellent catch. But he had still to make his Grand Tour of the Continent and so complete his education.

He wrote several letters from abroad urging Elizabeth to wait; some say that Elizabeth's aunt, Mrs. Merrill, intercepted these and Miss Chudleigh certainly turned elsewhere for a husband.

She fell in love with a handsome young naval officer, Lieutenant the Hon. Augustus John Hervey, second son of Lord Hervey and grandson of the aged Earl of Bristol.

Hervey was 20 and not an exciting young man; he was poor, had few prospects, but he had blue blood. Because Elizabeth could no longer remain a Maid of Honour as a married woman, their wedding took place in secret before midnight on August 4, 1744.

Back to sea

The service in the extra-parochial chapel of Lancelotti was conducted by the rector, the Rev. Thomas Ains, before a small number of witnesses. The marriage was duly recorded in the parish register.

Within days Hervey's leave expired and he returned to his ship and sailed to Jamaica—for two years. On his return in October, 1746, he and Elizabeth quarrelled. She wished to remain a Maid of Honour; he wanted her as a full-time wife. She won. The deception went on; Hervey returned to sea, was promoted to captain, and a son was born.

"Miss Chudleigh's" absence from Court started a wave of gossip. Her old love, James Duke of Hamilton, returned from his tour and again offered marriage. Elizabeth refused wistfully and James consoled

One of the world's strangest stories recalled by C.D.T. Baker-Carr



She came to the masquerade ball in a costume so scanty that Princess Augusta threw a shawl over her....

himself by marrying Elizabeth cunning. "Miss Chudleigh" was at length forced to tell Princess Augusta about her secret marriage, but this only increased her popularity with her Royal mistress.

Elizabeth was becoming a leader of society and quite notorious. In 1749 she attended a masquerade ball at Somerset House, given by the Venetian Ambassador, and at which the Royal family were guests.

Scanty robe

More beautiful than ever, she arrived dressed as Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, in the remotest of "mystical robes." Horace Walpole wrote: "She was so naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda." Even Princess Augusta was shocked. She threw her shawl over "Miss Chudleigh," thereby cutting short the sensation of the evening.

But this was no setback to her career. King George was delighted with her charms. He appointed her mother to be housekeeper at Windsor Castle.

It was some time in 1750 that Elizabeth Chudleigh (still secretly Mrs. Hervey) met the Duke of Kingston, five years her senior. They went everywhere together, to his town house and to his country seat, Thoresby, on the edge of Sherwood Forest. He bought a house near Prince's Gate, Kensington, and there Elizabeth set up home, giving magnificent dinners and balls, and entertaining many surreptitious lovers.

It was during this period—or perhaps earlier—that Elizabeth, who is said to have journeyed furtively to Lancelotti in order to destroy the fatal marriage entry in the parish record. However, in 1750, her husband's brother—now the Earl of

Bristol—appeared to be dying and Elizabeth began to see herself as Countess of Bristol, a title much more worthwhile than a Maid of (doubtful) Honour and the acknowledged mistress of a duke.

The story goes that the scheming Elizabeth and a party of friends travelled again to Lancelotti to restore the marriage entry in the records. But My Lord Bristol recovered. Elizabeth took a trip abroad and stayed for a time with Frederick II of Germany.

In 1768 she was back in England and Hervey was anxious to start divorce proceedings. He had fallen in love with Miss Moynsey, a doctor's daughter of Bath. "Miss Chudleigh," too, wanted her freedom, but not at the cost of her "honour." She instituted a suit of justification asking for a divorce that her marriage was a "false assertion." In February the following year her suit was granted and she was declared a spinster.

Trumped up

But it was a trumped-up case with collusion on both sides. Hervey was free to wed again, but he had changed his mind. And Elizabeth married her ducal lover in March that year.

The service was held in St. George's, Hanover Square, and so the Duke of Kingston recovered part at least of the huge fortune he had lavished over the years on his mistress. The new duchess was presented at Court and the King wore her colours.

But in September, 1773, the duke died and with him his title. He left his wife all his personal property, plus £4,000 a year while she remained a widow. The remainder of his estate went to his junior nephew, Charles Medows, whose elder brother had been mysteriously disinherited.

And this was the cause of Elizabeth's downfall. But meanwhile she consoled herself over her husband's death by taking a trip to Rome in her private yacht where she was received by the Pope. From there she journeyed to Calais. While she sought pleasure abroad, at home the elder nephew, Evelyn Medows, was taking steps to have the duke's will set aside.

Bigamy charge

The Earl of Bristol died in March, 1775, and Horace Walpole wrote: "The bigamist duchess is become a real peeress at last."

But Evelyn Medows had not been wasting his time and legal proceedings were started against her on a charge of bigamy. The duchess went to her banker in Rome to recover the money and jewels she had left in his care. He refused to hand over—until she pointed two loaded pistols at his head. Then she came home to fight the case.

She was in fact in a strong position. If the verdict went against her she would become automatically the Countess of Bristol. If not she remained the Dowager Duchess of Kingston. But she could not be buried in the hand—then the punishment for such an offence as hers—since she could claim the privilege of the Peerage.

The legal farce began on April 15, 1776. All the allegations were proved—and on April 22 she was found guilty by every single peer. One gallant dissent, the Duke of Newcastle, added that she was guilty "erroneously but not intentionally."

Russian trip

Elizabeth went abroad again, still calling herself Duchess of Kingston, leaving Evelyn Medows to fight over her inheritance. Her husband, now Lord Bristol, still wanted a divorce but his collusion in the earlier affair of the suit of justification was so well-known that he had to abandon his efforts.

An old acquaintance, Prince Radzivil, arranged for the duchess to visit St. Petersburg in Russia.

Elizabeth was so pleased with Russia that she bought an estate near St. Petersburg and renamed it Chudleigh. There she set up a brandy distillery, but became bored with the whole project and left it all to an English carpenter who had amused her.

She journeyed on through the capitals of Europe, still living as recklessly as ever, welcoming the attentions of adventurers and paying lavishly for her amusements.

Finally she settled down at an estate, St. Asdase, just outside Paris where she died on August 20, 1789. She had drunk several glasses of wine when she heard a lawsuit had gone against her. A blood vessel burst. The Countess-Duchess was no more.

(COPYRIGHT)

—ROUNDOABOUT JAPAN WITH RICHARD HUGHES—

The Stationmaster's Umbrellas And The Minister's Ban On Tea

WHEN amiable, bespectacled Stationmaster Taro Matsumoto of Hamadera, near Osaka, saw passengers caught unawares by sudden rain squalls as they came home from work, he cut down on his smoking, saved yen and bought twenty umbrellas, which he provided at the station on loan, free of charge, for unprotected passengers.

The umbrellas are available in a rack at the station. There is no supervision over their use or return.

After six months, Stationmaster Matsumoto beamingly announced that instead of twenty, he now has thirty-six umbrellas!

How far can a mosquito fly non-stop? Japanese doctors, conducting patient experiments with 10,000 dyed mosquitoes at Lake Biwa, have decided that the longest solo hop for the average honourable mosquito is only 150 yards.

This new milestone in human knowledge is expected to help research into the spread of malaria and sleeping sickness.

AGRICULTURAL and Forestry Minister Ichiro Kono is renowned as a tough politician and ruthless mastermind behind Japan's parliamentary bamboo screen. Observers believe, however, that he has overplayed his hand in his latest pronouncement to all Ministry bureau chiefs for an immediate end to the traditional Japanese practice of serving tea at conferences.

In Japanese government and business offices, this is tantamount to instructing clerks and administrative chiefs to

stop using the electric light when working at night time. No office is without its unfailing service of green tea, day and night, summer or winter.

"The custom," sternly says Mr. Kono, "unnecessarily prolongs conferences and contributes to inefficiency. In London and Washington, pitchers of water are deemed adequate for conference lubrication."

JAPANESE historians are in a flutter over the discovery in a remote farm-house near Osaka of a family diary which has been scrupulously maintained each day for four centuries. The diary belongs to the humble Mori family, and was begun in the year 1550 by the sturdy farmer, Kenichi, whose descendants still live on the same farm and have fulfilled the injunction of each successive head of the house down the centuries to keep the diary record unbroken.

All volumes of the unique 400-year-old diary have been stored in a large chest, and the Chinese ink characters remain strong and clear on Japanese parchment, which has only slightly yellowed.

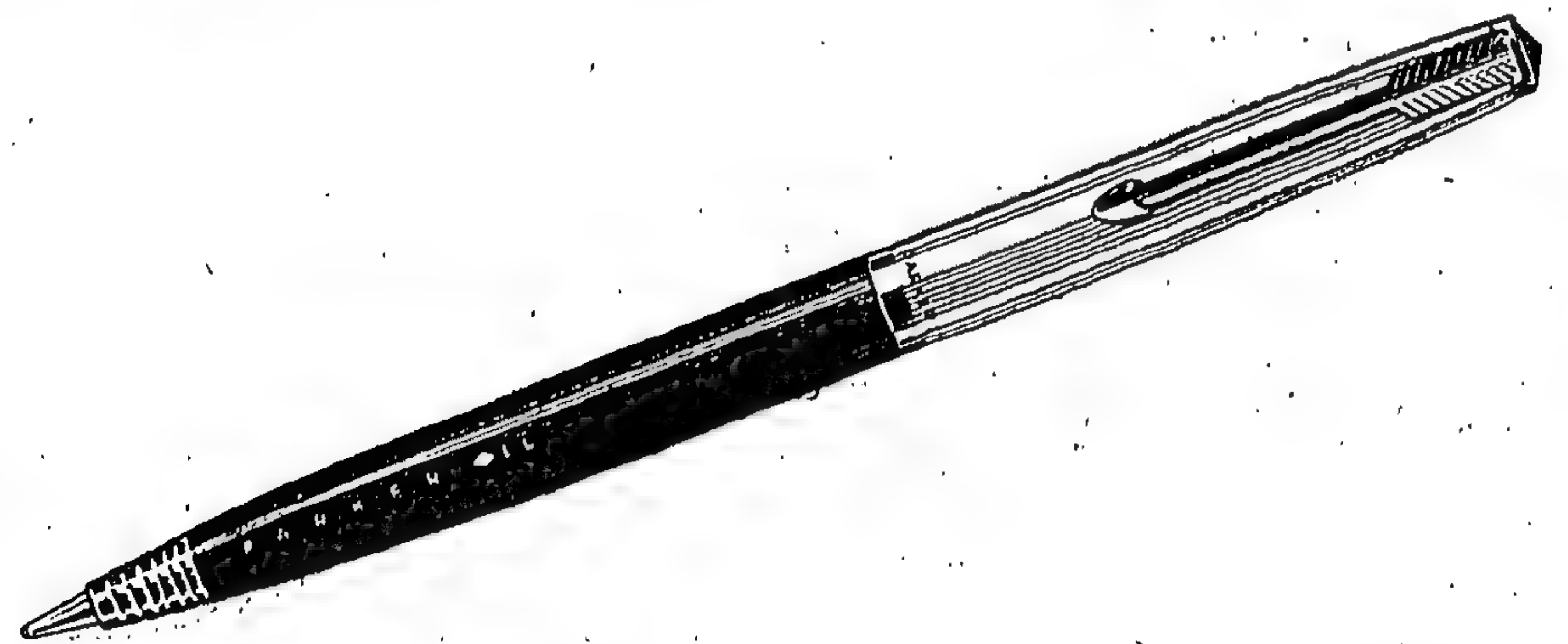
The diary is now being reverently studied by historians, who expect that it will provide an unprecedented first-hand record of Japanese farm life and habits since the days when Archbishop Cranmer was burned at the stake and more than half a century before St. Francis Xavier arrived in Japan.

Mrs. Taiko Mori, the pleasant, hard-working widow who now makes the unflinching daily entries of farm troubles and family and neighbour gossip, wonders what all the scholarly fuss is about. "It's just an old Mori custom," she observes.

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Adventure on a Shoestring Continuing the story of two young Britons who aimed to climb Everest on a mere £30

GASPING FOR BREATH AT 12,000 FEET

ONE of the details of Himalayan climbing omitted by John Cunningham and Hamish Melnes was infection against cholera and typhus. This may sound like insane negligence, but the very nature of their expedition forced them to cut big corners and trust to their constitutions. As soon as they arrived in Khatmandu, they learned that there was a cholera epidemic in the town.

They took reasonable precautions to avoid contamination, and pressed on into open country in the direction of Everest, over the same route travelled by the Hunt expedition, but bearing few other resemblances to that party.

LETHAL GRIP

Sixteen miles beyond Khatmandu, the epidemic had the countryside in a lethal grip. They came into the danger area on a day when eight Nepalese had already died before sunrise.

"The obvious thing to do," Cunningham recalls, "was to avoid the local water at all costs. The theory is fine, but we had to drink something. I can only imagine we had enough germs in our own systems to kill off the cholera. We survived without a moment's sickness."

A small embarrassment as the two moved farther into Nepal was the welcome they received from some villages.

European climbing parties are regarded as traditional suppliers of medicine and healing, and natives often crowded round supporting their sick relatives and asking for diagnoses and cures.

"We were willing to help, but when we brought out the first-aid kit the crowd usually laughed itself even sicker. Our medicine chest consisted of a large tin of Elastoplast, four bandages, a tube of penicillin and a bottle of aspirin. The Nepalese told us frankly that we were mad."

"It wasn't long before we were right into rural Nepal, walking all the way. With a couple of hundred miles to go, we soon got toughened as we had planned."

"We hired porters to help over the rough bits when we could find them and when we could afford it, but for most of the trek we carried our own stuff, something over 100 pounds each. To make it easier, we made Nepalese headbands, and later we did actual climbing with the packs and headbands, which leave the hands and shoulders free for hand-holds."

COLLAPSED

"The weight didn't worry Hamish much, but at first I found that if I stumbled I simply sank to my knees and then collapsed on my face, and couldn't get up

The first of their problems overcome—getting into Nepal without a permit—Cunningham and Melnes found themselves right in the heart of a cholera epidemic. Neither of them, writes CLIFF HANLEY, had been injected against the disease.

without being pulled from behind.

"We were now working out our plan of living on the local diet. Carrying food stores would have made the whole thing impossible. When we were passing through prosperous districts we could buy a chicken or two, and we could also eat one chicken per man per meal."

OBJECTED

"In poor districts—and the poor in Nepal are really poor—a few turnips or other vegetables were the best we could hope for, and sometimes not even that. Some days we didn't go in much for meals at all."

"In some places the peasants wouldn't even part with a turnip. For sheer survival we stole one occasionally."

"The hospitality varied too. While we were still new at the game, we would sometimes knock on a cottage door and ask for shelter for the night. The knock would be enough. The cottager would barricade the door instantly against the strange, scruffy

foreigners and leave us to sleep in the open.

"Later on we developed a technique of just walking straight in out of the cold and lying down on the floor. This puzzled our hosts, but they accepted it reasonably—usually."

"One villager—and I don't really blame him—objected, and came at me with a knife. I was taken by surprise and there was no time to do anything about it. "Maybe he just wanted to express a point of view and didn't mean to carve me badly, but before the knife got to me Hamish got to the knife and threw our host back against the wall."

"He looked at Hamish, sizing him up. Then he put the knife away and we all got to sleep."

"When we slept in the open, crowds would gather round to gaze at us. We learned to gaze right back, and everybody was happy."

THE LICE

"Then came the pests. Nepal has a good selection of them, mostly between 3,000 and 10,000 feet. Leeches, mosquitoes, lice and bugs, and probably some more we didn't even stop to identify. We found 300 lice in a pullover after a night in a Nepalese shanty. Three hundred

we counted them. "But the leeches were the real horrors. During a long trek, Hamish told me he had a touch of rheumatism in the small of his back. When we got his pack off and his clothes off to inspect it or rub it, it wasn't rheumatism."

"A leech had been living on his back, under his clothes and his rucksack, for two days. That leech had really had a feast. It was swollen tight like a balloon, and when I touched it with a finger-tip it burst in my face. Clothes, packs and countryside were drenched with Hamish's blood."

"They would drop on us, making for wrists or necks. One even got its head under the metal strap of my wristwatch and got a good sucking hold. "Touch a lighted cigarette to it," Hamish suggested. "It lit a cigarette and made to touch it. The thing was about finger-size and waving gently. It was sensitive to heat, too. Its tail end shimmied back and forth to dodge the cigarette, and we finally had to tear it off."

TOUCHY

"There were other things that burrowed under the skin and could hardly be dug out at all. We carried on a constant war against them all, and it became routine."

"In a way, we were lucky. The long long trail to the Everest district had enough variety and enough discomfort to prove that we could work together without complaining and without nagging."

"We were in a touchy position, after all. If two men set off to lose themselves from ordinary society for months on end, they can get to hate each other very easily—a lot more easily than in a big party, when you can get a change of face now and then. We expected to get along with each other, and we did."

"We got fed up from time to time, but we got used to meat things. And from the time we landed in India, we never really got fed up with each other."

"A quarrel would have been a disaster. Even after we got used to living on turnips and having our clothes with lice and leeches, we still had plenty of surprises and shocks ahead of us."

The Himalayas are old and big, and they are not impressed by men. To the mountaineers, if they were people or gods as some superstitions insist—a big, well-organized climbing party must look no more formidable than two unshaven Scots with a few pounds in their wallets.

But the Cunningham-Melnes expedition was in no mood to be overawed by the might of the Himalayas. After trekking and stumbling and scratching their feet from Khatmandu.

As they neared the Everest area, Cunningham and Melnes came upon the monastery at Thyang Boche, and made one of their last leisurely contacts with society before the mountain stage.

The monastery is not merely a temple of priests. It is a sizeable village built round the temple and presided over by the lama who received the climbers with casual courtesy and allowed them to live in the village.

HE GASPED

They were allocated a primitive cottage in the slum area. "I needed this rest," Cunningham told me. "Hamish was showing no signs of distress by the 12,000 feet altitude, but it had hit me quite hard."

Lama was willing to see the natives going cheerfully about their business, whatever it was, as if they had been at sea level. I found that a short walk to the well for water left me gasping for breath. I had to sit down and rest several times just going along the street."

"Now a lot of nonsense is talked about acclimatization to heights. Any healthy person can acclimatize if he takes long enough to think about it. We had a good time in the Dhaul Kund area for this reason."

"Some of the big Himalayan expeditions have suffered from altitude sickness. I suspect this is because they were able to get into the area faster than we did, and suffered for it. Later, we went rapidly from 14,000 feet to 18,000 feet with no ill effects at all."

"The altitude symptoms are sickness and loss of appetite. All we suffered from at the real heights was ravenous hunger. We ate, we ate, we ate. "But we hadn't yet lost the monastery. The most impressive thing in that was a monstrous idol that looked like solid gold."

A FEW PRAYERS

"Fingering our shrinking wallets, we couldn't help looking at this hungrily, but we didn't have a two-ton crane to move it, and, anyway, we were pretty well treated there. Not as VIPs, I should say."

"We were treated to that bitter, tea stuff you hear about, and this is not funny. If you leave it to get cold, it turns into a slush and you can't get it down. But if you drink it hot, your host immediately gives you a refill."

"The first night, we heard Dakotas flying over the village at about fifty feet. Even now we were in the new it couldn't be true. We discovered the noise came from enormous alphorns, either for religious ceremonial or for entertainment—we couldn't make out which."

Sometimes the horn-blowers kept going all night. "They also banged on drums and rang bells and shouted to one another all night when the mood came on them, and altogether we felt they were overdoing it."

"One night, while we were trying to lull ourselves to sleep with the bells and bangs and screams, somebody battered at the door. Hamish bounced out of bed and grabbed an axe, and in one automatic movement, and I opened the door."

The native at the door had only come to sell two tins of food. Old, old tins of food kept

turning up in Nepal, discarded or given away by previous waves of European climbers. I offered him two rupees and took the food, but after looking at the money he started to haggle for more. He was getting quite nasty about it, and I was glad Hamish still had the ice axe handy."

"Finally I grabbed the money back and thrust the two tins back at the man. He decided he was licked, grabbed back the money and gave me the tins and went off muttering 'Nepalese swear words'."

"All over the village we found the little prayer wheels which make prayer easy, since each turn of the wheel is supposed to send up a prayer. I sent up about 300 myself, and I don't regret it for a minute."

NICE PEOPLE

The Nepalese are nice people. We both got to like them. And they are very hospitable at the right moments, too. At a place called Ghat, where we put up, they were holding a chug party one night. It sounded kind of sickening and I stayed in bed, but Hamish decided to join in."

"He came back suffering from an attack of dizziness after a long interval, and explained that he had had to keep kneeling to the head lama over and over again before they would let him out."

"This was the thickest story I have ever heard. I know now a chug party is Nepalese for a drinking party, and a drinking party is a drinking party in Nepal or wherever you are. I'm sorry I missed that one."

"As we got nearer to Everest, we sometimes came across more evidence of previous expeditions. We were able to buy some shilling tins of marmalade and a tin of pate de foie gras and two tins of boot polish."

DULL DIET

"Boot polish doesn't sound like vital stores for a climbing trip. Maybe we bought it to make us feel at home."

"But the marmalade was handy. Our diet otherwise was pretty dull."

"We ate rice, for instance. We sometimes ate nothing else. Rice, salted, instead of breakfast porridge, rice as the main lunch meal, and sweetened rice as a pudding."

"We had a 22 rifle, and sometimes managed to get a pigeon with it. We also used it to kill a sheep which we bought, and we ate practically the whole sheep between us there and then."

"We did our cooking in deep fat, not from preference but because we had no pressure cookers. You can't boil water. You can boil it, but it boils before it's hot enough to cook, and doesn't get any hotter."

"Maybe we would have enjoyed our food more with first-class equipment. But as a matter of fact, we always enjoyed it in any case. We were hungry."

NO HEROICS

"And we were greedy, as with the orgy on and sheep between two men. But our attitude was quite simple. We couldn't carry too much, and we reckoned we could put up with the hungry days as long as we ate like wolves in between."

"It worked, at any rate. I lost three stone during our stay in the Himalayas, but I felt as strong as a bull; and I had that much less weight to carry."

Cunningham and Melnes must have given the Nepalese plenty to laugh at, with their cheap equipment and their readiness to put up with anything. But this is the authentic hero material without heroics. Soon they were to need all their humour when they lost themselves on the Everest glacier.

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NEXT SATURDAY:
Beaten by a storm

Erna Fiehl with her best-selling print—'The Class,' by Degas. She turns out three hundred Old Masters a day.



SHE BAFFLES THE EXPERTS

by ANNE SHARPLEY

London perfecting the Fiehl method of reproducing Old Masters thus had taken two years and £5,000 to discover.

For Erna Fiehl, before she got involved in technicalities, had a very logical, untechnical idea of what she wanted—and she stuck to it against all scientific objections.

"When we make imitation jewellery we make a facsimile. We don't just wear a coloured photograph. Why shouldn't a reproduction of a painting be made on canvas and have the same brush strokes as a real painting?"

On canvas

Working with Swiss chemists, she found a way of producing colour photographs on canvas. Lastly, using a clear secret substance, she superimposed brush strokes on the reproduction.

Mrs Fiehl has 25 girls now. "They are all graduate artists," she says.

It was Mrs Fiehl, however, who did the brush-work for her first picture—Toulouse-Lautrec's Moulin Rouge. And it is Mrs Fiehl who travels all over the world, seeking permission to photograph paintings.

One very great name in the art world, strongly anti-Fiehl, stormed into her gallery recently and said of one of her pictures: "It's disgusting. Like the real thing," and left in a fury.

Her reason for travelling so far is that she is not so lucky in obtaining permission at home. (For London is now her home "because it gives me such a feeling of protection and security.")

Plenty more

Both the Tate Gallery and National Gallery refuse her permission to make reproductions of their pictures.

They are reluctant to discuss this although other art print makers report they "usually have no trouble" getting permission to reproduce works.

But Erna Fiehl is not giving. There are plenty more paintings in the world and a huge demand from people who want paintings in their homes.

Her best-seller, a reproduction of Degas's, 'The Class,' has sold over 1000.

And it is likely to be outsold by the Annigoni portrait of the Queen who is working on now. "His tiny brush-strokes are difficult and that deep wonderful blue he uses," Annigoni has seen, and given his blessing to, her system.

A fugitive

There was the time in Paris in 1940 to look back on. She was a fugitive from Czechoslovakia with a small son to support. She had to have an artist's card and to do this made the preposterous claim that she could make 500 hand-painted prints a week. Her output was usually four a fortnight.

"I got all my friends together—and the miracle happened. We all, including Jean, worked day and night and made the whole 500."

Now, on a rather similar "working night and day" basis, were the hectic three weeks spent in a laboratory in Switzerland, in the final testing and

perfecting the Fiehl method of reproducing Old Masters thus had taken two years and £5,000 to discover.

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Two days

She is on the crest of a wave. A wave that brought 6,000 people in two days to her exhibition in Amsterdam. A wave that brings in orders every day from America, France, Italy, Holland and, of course, England.

Every weekend in her Marble Arch flat she settles down to read-art books.

"I have to deal with people who know so much more about art than myself," she says with a smile.

Erna Fiehl is the sort of woman who makes her fortune first—and asks questions afterwards. . . . (COPYRIGHT)

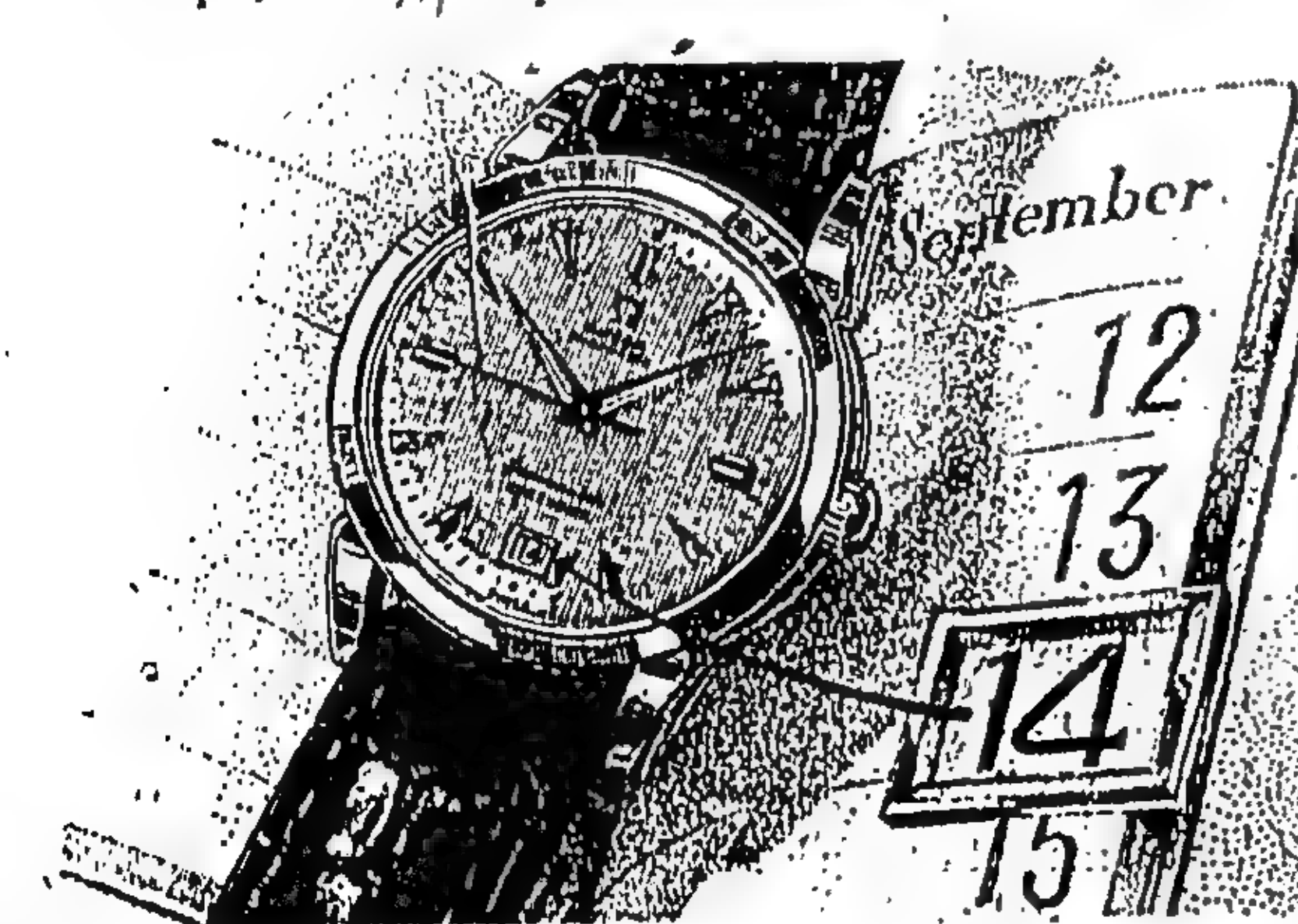


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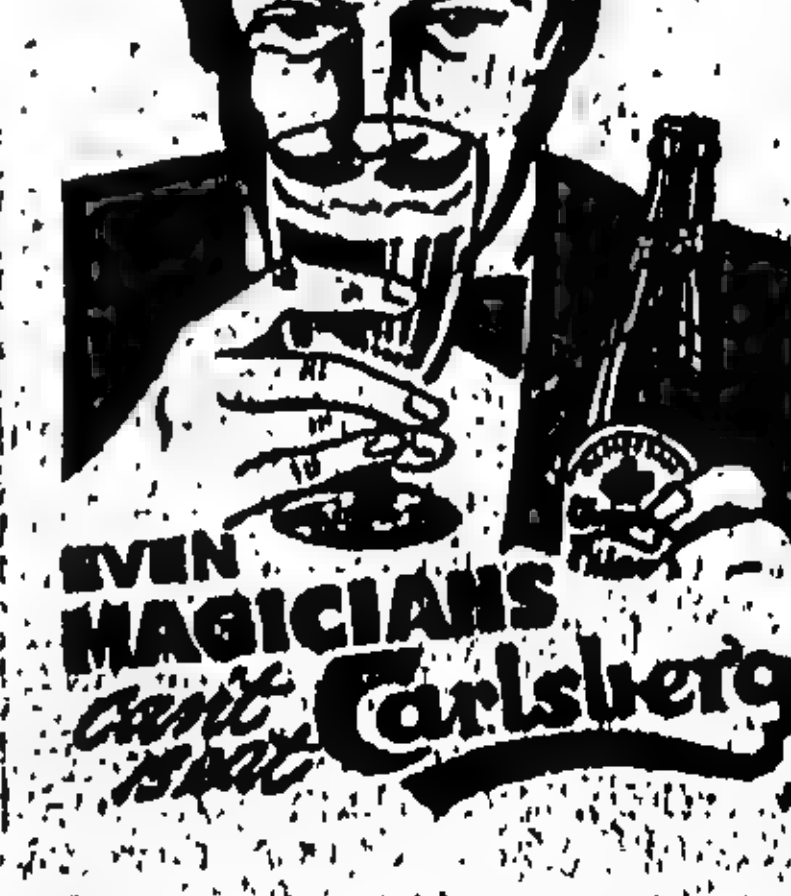


OMEGA Seamaster Calendar

Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A., Geneva, Switzerland.

OMEGA * 1955

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Leo Falk and Phil Davis





THE Band and Corps of Drums of the Hongkong Regiment, led by Drum Major Ho Chi-ping, Beating the Retreat in public for the first time. Left: Two pictures taken at the Regiment's farewell party for Lt-Col S. L. A. Carter, the Commanding Officer, who is leaving the Colony. He is seen in upper photo drinking a toast with the new CO, Lt-Col. A. S. J. de S. Clayton (right). On extreme left is the Hon. C. Blaker, Honorary Colonel of the Regiment. (Staff Photographer)



MR Richard Ma and his bride, formerly Miss Ellen Hung. Their wedding took place last week at St Margaret's Church. (Staff Photographer)



THE Australian tennis stars, Lewis Hoad and Neale Fraser, being interviewed by John Wallace for Radio Hongkong before their exhibition here on Monday. Left: The coveted Davis Cup, which they were taking home, being closely admired by tennis enthusiasts at the Hongkong Cricket Club. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at St John's Cathedral last Sunday following the christening of Steven David Gibbons, infant son of Mr and Mrs G. B. Gibbons. (Staff Photographer)



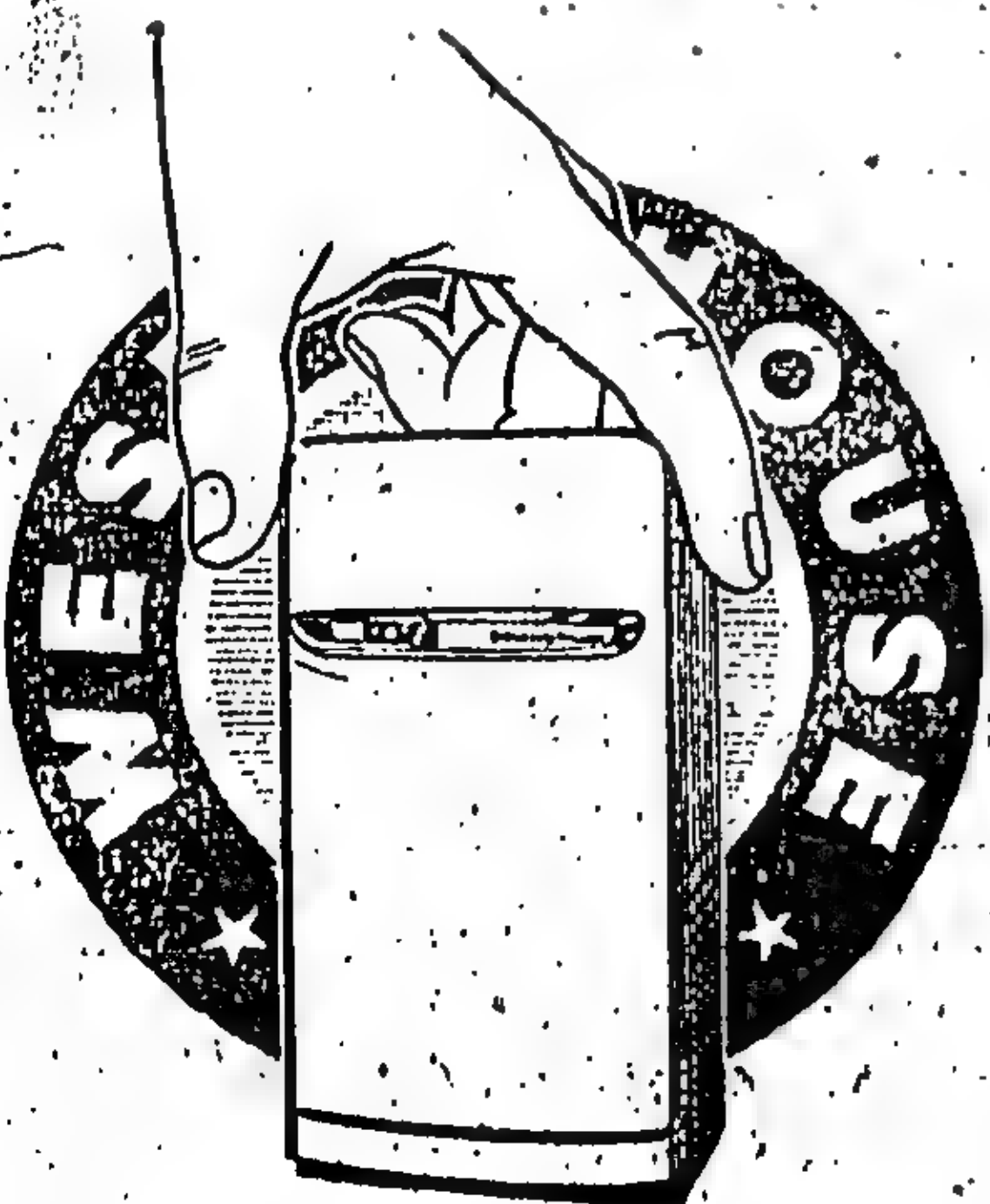
MISS Cynthia Poole, who celebrated her 21st birthday last Saturday, seen with her friends at the birthday party at the Repulse Bay Lido. (Staff Photographer)

SEEN at the Y's Men's Club Ladies Night at the Savoy Lounge. Top: Mrs Ramon Y. W. Kan, Mrs F. T. Li, Mrs Y. F. Kan and Mrs Ng Chak-man. Bottom: Mrs M. Bhojwan, Mrs K. Chawla and Mrs T. Melvani. (Staff Photographer)



THE Commissioner of the St John Ambulance Brigade, Mr Fung Ping-tan, reviewing members on parade at the annual inspection last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ ★ ★

Knit This Stole From Lola Prusac!



MATERIALS: 21 ozs Emu Zephyr 2 ply Botany; 1 pair knitting needles size 12; 3 yards gold braid.

MEASUREMENTS: Length (including fringed ends) 2 yards 14 inches. Width 26 inches.

TENSION: 9 sts. to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS: k, knit; p, purl. With No. 12 needles cast on 234 stitches and work 4 yards (or twice desired length) in stocking stitch (1 row k, 1 row p). Cast off.

TO COMPLETE Press with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Fold

double, right side to right side, across width and back stitch together down long sides. Turn to right side and sew up short end opening. Press again and make thick 7 inch long fringe each end. Sew on braid at both ends of stole as illustrated.

CARPET YOUR BATHROOM AND PUT TILES IN THE LIVING ROOM... THAT'S

THE NEW TREND IN FLOOR COVERINGS

REMEMBER when someone discovered that mattress ticking made perfectly good, and even very smart, summer coats, and someone else took terry towelling off the bathroom towel rods and used it for handsome summer living room slipcovers? Then someone else decided that the only way to be the belle of the ball was to go to a summer dance all done up in denim. And again, along came a home-styling genius, who decided that cardboard egg crates made an interesting covering for living room walls or ceilings.

Well here we go again with another about-face in decorating. This time the bathroom and the living room are exchanging floor coverings. Now, if you please, you put the bathroom tiles in the living room and you put thick, luxurious wall-to-wall carpeting in the bathroom. At least we have seen several simple layouts done that way and we have been assured by decorators that this represents a trend.

After the initial shock, one comes to think that it isn't as wacky as it first appears to be, that it does make a certain amount of sense. For tiles of one kind or another make a grand, long-wearing, easy-cleaning, and good-looking floor

for a room that is in constant use. And thick carpet does feel so cozy. Not only that, it isn't expensive, even if the water shedding, nylon weave is used, since the area to be covered is generally so small.

These changes in decorating trends really do have common sense behind them, when you stop to analyse them. The room that gets the most traffic, the living room, does need a floor that can take all the wear and tear of busy family life. It needs a floor that can be mopped with soap and water as often as necessary and still permit the use of colourful, attractive scatter or area rugs that permit you to introduce accents of high colour.

The small amount of carpeting required for the "average" bathroom can be laid so that the strips can go right into the living room, for they needn't be tacked down. Incidentally, tiles designed for the front-of-the-house now are laid with metal strippings, and linoleum squares come flecked with non-fading, gold-coloured metal.

Beauty is rampant in every room in the house and comfort and easy upkeep goes hand in hand with all this "loveliness," for it would seem that the more beautiful a piece of furniture or a room accessory is, these days, the easier it is to keep it clean and shiny new. Usually, just a soap and water sudsing or mopping is all that is required.

—ELEANOR ROSS

Cooking Easy On Stove Of Future

THE stove of the future will have more eye appeal and convenience and will prepare food with greater speed, ease and certainty of results.

Mrs. Pauline Treisch, home service director for one stove company, said homemakers can look forward to thermostatically controlled top-of-range cooking, using a "sensing" element built into the centre of the heating

unit. This element touches the bottom of the cooking utensil and "senses" the temperature of the food, automatically regulating the amount of heat required.

Mrs. Treisch said gas ranges soon may be made with a burner whose heat is transmitted through glass. Another possible development under test is an electric unit embedded in solid glass plate which shows by intensity of colour the degree of heat being given off.—United Press.

EXPERTS EXOTIC—2

Mr. Wisdom asks for more

...but only fried bananas

SUCH exotic food comes from Indonesia—most exciting for me, last week, because an Indonesian meal was prepared in my kitchen, which must have been one of the most colourful spots in London. Two Indonesian women, dressed in their *kain* and *kebaja* (skirt and jacket to us) and their *palangi* (scarf or shawl), with flowers in their smooth-as-silk hair, were working like beavers—but neither of them wore an apron and they did not spot their lovely clothes.

Mrs. Pesek, one of the Indonesian team at the International Kitchen in last year's Food Fair, brought her friend, Mrs. Tobing, to help her. And she needed help!

Except for the fried bananas, I feel that any one of the dishes would make a main course for most of us in this country.

The Menu

Droneer Hofberg, 1952 (Moselle)
Escorial de Panquehue, 1942
(Chilean Red Wine)

Gado Gado
(vegetable dish)
(Nasi Goreng)
(rice, prawns, chicken, etc.)
Sambal Belado
(steak, onions, tomatoes, etc.)
Pisang Goreng
(fried bananas)
Fresh Fruit
Coffee

Norman Wisdom was our celebrity guest—with the appetite of a sparrow. It seems that he works very little when he is eating hard, because he can do better work that way. He

did like the fried bananas—and had a second helping, which greatly relieved me, because I felt that he was not getting enough to eat.

I was the real enthusiast over Indonesian food but, as I have said, I shall make only one of the main dishes for one meal.

The Wines

RAYMOND POSTGATE who, like many other wine experts, believes that the wines should be selected first and then the food to go with them, was hard put to provide the wines for this meal, but he did so with real distinction, adding a jug of iced water to counteract what he described as rather strong food.

The aperitif, a Moselle, was light and cool, smelt like flowers and was not sweet. It could be one of the very best choices for

★ Specialists in foreign cooking show you how it is done...



An Indonesian dish for Norman Wisdom.

a warm day. The Escorial de Panquehue, 1942, a Chilean red wine, was a good round wine with plenty of taste and perfume to stand up to the strong food. It was immensely improved by being poured into a decanter which I had rinsed out carefully with hot water.

That pouring of red wine, especially a young one, into a warmed decanter is a tip to remember for immediately advancing its years.

Gado Gado

CUT the heart of green cabbage into eighths and then into slender strips. Cut 1/2 lb. French beans across into 1/2 in. pieces and 2-3 large carrots into very thin rings. Boil the cabbage and beans together in salted water until they are still crisp but not overdone.

Boil the carrots for a few minutes only. Boil six small potatoes of equal size in their jackets and hard-boil 2-3 eggs. Drain all the vegetables.

Arrange the leaves of a rather small cos lettuce round a large platter. Turn the cabbage and beans into the centre and around them, place alternate rings of the thinly sliced peeled potatoes, thinly sliced egg, carrots and sliced tomatoes.

Finish with little heaps of very thinly sliced onions, fried in peanut oil until crisp. In the centre of all, stand the cos lettuce heart upright. The dish looks like a glorious vegetable posy.

The Sauce

WITH the gado gado, go peanut butter sauce and prawn crackers. For the sauce: Fry a thinly sliced Spanish onion in a little oil, without browning it. Add a pinch or two of sugar, crushed fresh chilli pepper or chilli powder to taste and, for five people, half small jar peanut butter.

Prawn crackers, little discs which, in the raw, remind me of the dry silvery pods of honesty, are dropped into very hot oil, when they spring out marvelously in discs several times larger and are crisp with quite an unusual flavour. You may already serve them with an appetiser.

The peanut butter sauce is poured over the vegetables on the individual plates and the prawn crackers are crumbled over all.

Nasi Goreng

THIS has been a favourite dish of mine for a long time, and I hope that, some day, you will make it—a very pleasant supper dish.

Its background is rice and the Indonesian way of boiling it is very simple. Choose 1 lb. Patna type rice. Wash very well and drain. Place in a pan large enough to allow for the rice swelling and cover with water to a depth of 2 inches.

Boil with the lid on until the liquid is absorbed, then lower the heat to the minimum and let the rice cook gently for further 10 minutes, when it should be dry and perfect.

Meanwhile, cut the breast of a chicken into small pieces. Also cut into small pieces 1/2 lb. liver, 2oz. rump steak and four prawns.

Fry all these in a little peanut oil, together with very thinly sliced 1/2 Spanish onions, 2-3 finely chopped cloves of garlic, and 6-8 finely minced spring onions, including the green parts. Mix with the rice in a large frying-pan over a low heat, adding pepper and salt to taste, until they are well amalgamated.

Turn on to a large platter and decorate with rings of sliced tomatoes and sliced peeled cucumber, again with a garnish of little heaps of thinly sliced onions, fried to a crisp pale gold.

Sambal Belado

CUT 1 lb. or so best top side, trimmed of tissue and fat, into 1-inch pieces. Gently simmer them in a little well-salted water until tender, but not too soft. Meanwhile, make a sauce by frying a thinly sliced onion in a little oil. Add the juice of 1 lime, 4 chopped tomatoes, fresh chillies (rubbed to a pulp) to taste, or a pinch of chilli powder and a good pinch or two of sugar. Cook all these together.

Fry the cooked meat in a little oil, just enough to make it slightly crisp. Add the beef to the sauce and keep it hot. This dish was served at the same time as the Nasi goreng.

Pisang Goreng

FOR five people, Mrs. Pesek fused 8 bananas. Cut them full length but not quite through. Carefully flatten them. Dip them into a thin batter (1 egg, pinch of salt, 1/2 cup flour and a little water) and fry them in a deep hot peanut oil.

This kind of Indonesian food is not to everyone's taste, but I found it very pleasant and, in spite of the amount of frying, not at all greasy, because the peanut oil is light and thin and does not cling.

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Teaching Your Child HOW TO HANDLE MONEY

By G. C. MYERS, Ph.D.

DURING the early days of school is the best time to settle the question of an allowance for your child.

Perhaps he has been receiving pocket money irregularly during the summer. He may need more money now, with lunches, bus fares and other expenditures to meet.

POCKET MONEY

Suppose, every day, you give him money for these regular needs plus a bit more for pocket money. For several days, show him how to keep a record of his regular needs and total these needs for a week. To this total, add a small amount—you will be tempted to add too much—for him to use as he wishes.

Then on Monday morning of the following week, give him his allowance for the week, with the understanding that it must last. Let him know that if unexpected needs arise you will take care of them. The important thing is for him to budget for the week.

It might help him to place the money for each day in a separate envelope, with the understanding that it is to be used only for that day.

NOT READY

If he spends all the allowance on the first day or so, then he is not ready to receive a whole week's allowance at a time. Give him enough for a day or two, but have him budget the amount just the same. Wishing to feel more grown up and independent, he may gradually learn to manage a whole week's allowance.

As the weeks pass and he handles his allowance well, go over his list of expenses with him again. Consider any new needs which may have come up and whether it is desirable to increase the week's allowance somewhat.

EARNING MONEY

Older children might be able to earn part, or all, of their allowance and, in doing so, they may gain the real meaning of money. For most children, however, there isn't always an opportunity to earn money.

Of course, you could pay your child for some jobs about the home. But if you did, he would hardly volunteer to do other chores or grow to feel like a responsible member of the family who does his share. Besides, he may often be paid even when he shirks his job.

The child who does regular jobs at home without pay will profit from being paid for some special job, particularly if he is striving to get enough money for a cherished useful purchase.

Also, a special job at a summer time created to let him earn money to pay for some property he has marred or destroyed.

It is better, as a rule, not to invade the regular allowance fund for punishment.

—ANNE HEYWOOD

Rich Life Is Possible Even Without Children

CHILDREN are wonderful. I'm all in favour of them and I'm crazy about my own. But that doesn't mean that I think a woman's life is utterly ruined without them.

"Poor dear," you hear women say occasionally—and with a certain enigmata—"she never married and had children. She must be so lonely, she's missed so much."

Frequently, the woman they're discussing has a busy, rich and useful life—beyond anything her critics can imagine.

When I was lecturing last Spring, I occasionally met a

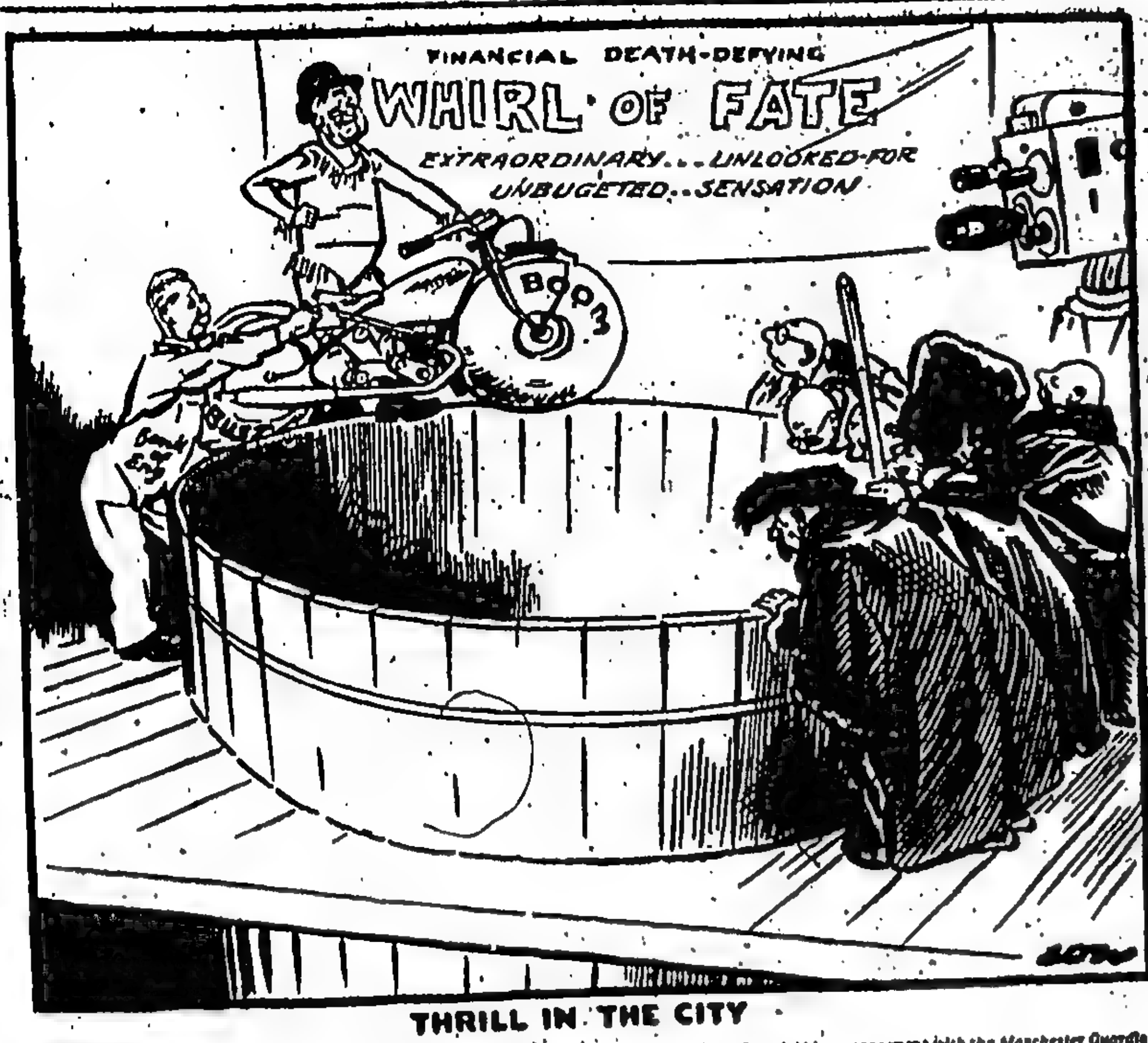
married woman who was childless. My heart would go out to her when a new acquaintance at the women's club would ask—as a very first question—"How many children do you have?" She would look miserable and ashamed and admit she didn't have any. Then, too often, she would be practically ignored for the rest of the conversation.

Sometimes, women who brag about the number of children they have are motivated not so much by mother love, as by the desire to show off.

"I've made it!" they seem to be saying, counting their children among their possessions, the way they count their milk stools, their cars and their jewels. It makes me feel sorry for them—and even sorer for the children.

My experience has been that the woman who really loves her children is not so apt to announce her status the minute she opens her mouth. Because she loves them, and loves her life and finds it good, she has the kind of warmth and understanding that makes it possible for her to see other kinds of good, and to recognise and value other kinds of satisfying lives.

In fact, we could all save ourselves much unhappiness if we would really evaluate the people who hurt our feelings. The woman who tried to make you feel that she has something better than you is not worth paying any attention to, much less being hurt by. If she really had a good life, the last thing she would try to do is make your life seem inferior to hers.



THRILL IN THE CITY

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From Film Star To Iron Man Eden

By SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

LONDON long ago there used to be a baseball pitcher in the USA who was called "Iron Man" McGinnity. Perhaps that is not the way to spell his name but it is near enough. Not only did he pitch regularly for his team but was always ready to take over in any emergency situation.

It is too much to expect that the British ever heard of McGinnity, but if they had they might well bestow the title of Iron Man Eden on our Prime Minister.

It is doubtful whether Sir Anthony has really had a day off since he became Prime Minister (except for a short bout of flu), and that includes Saturdays and Sundays. Indeed he might use the same words as Bonar Law who, during his brief Premiership, said: "A day in which there is only one crisis is almost like a day off."

Actually Sir Anthony must have nearly had a day clear in September because he flew out to the Farnborough Air Show in a helicopter and then went up in a 17-minute flight in a Vulcan bomber.

ADMITTEDLY with experienced men in the cockpit, he took over the controls and rolled the Vulcan like a fighter. After that he flew back to London and resumed his normal work.

The development of Eden from the pin-up boy of foreign affairs (when he introduced the soft black hat and striped trousers to an admiring world) is an astonishing story.

My memory goes back to the day on which he made his first appearance in the Commons following his resignation from the Foreign Office in 1938. The House was thinly attended and Eden sat next to me on a back bench as a private member. I asked him if he was going to speak and he nodded in affirmation.

Then he whispered a strange confession. "I am always terrified when I speak in this place," he said. In fact, there was so little interest that when he did speak in the debate the attendance was increased by only half a dozen or so MP's who strolled in from the smoke room.

One more recollection and we shall leave the past to the historians. It happened in the smoke room on the evening that Eden was to fly to America for an operation. No longer did he look like a film star Foreign Secretary. He was so thin that his clothes hung on him like on a scarecrow. His face was drawn and his eyes were lustreless.

HB said goodbye and then walked out—a worn and weary figure. The Sir Galahad of Foreign Affairs looked like Don Quixote without his spear. Even if the operation proved successful he would never have the strength to lead the Party and the Government.

The operation was successful and he did resume his work at the Foreign Office, but his clothes hung loosely on his thin body, as Punch was good enough to point out in a cruel cartoon when Eden went to the Geneva Conference.

What is health? Can a man will himself to it? Here is the same Eden today who does not seem to know the meaning of fatigue. In the General Election he did a whistle-stop tour of the country, he appeared twice on television; he spoke at endless public meetings, and, in such intervals as were left, he directed publicity and policy.

IN all this we must give some credit to his wife, whom he married three years ago. Let there be no mistake about it—there was little enthusiasm in the Conservative Party at the time when he married Sir Winston Churchill's niece at a Registry Office. It was true that the marriage united two great political families, but the Archbishop of Canterbury would not solemnise it at Westminster Abbey. The Church does not distinguish between the innocent and the guilty in the matter of divorce.

Eden's first wife was beautiful and wealthy but she loathed political life. By contrast, Clementine, Spencer's daughter, loved the battle of the tank and the tumult of political life. And, if you don't live with due respect to these

who have religious objections to divorce, there is no question that Eden is a far better Prime Minister with his new wife by his side than he would have been with Beatrice Eckett, his first wife.

With equal candour let us put on record that a considerable section of the Conservative Party would have preferred Rab Butler as Churchill's successor. "Eden has been Foreign Secretary so long that he will always be engrossed in foreign affairs. He will never apply himself to the home front." That was the case against him.

The very opposite has proved true. Except for the famous summit conference, which gave the world an atmosphere of peace, Eden has concentrated on the economic and industrial problems of the nation. Admittedly he could hardly have done anything else because from the very beginning of his Premiership he has had to face strikes, stock market booms, the draining of gold reserves, rising prices and falling production.

There is virtually no unemployment in Britain except where there is seasonal adjustment. Up and up go the wages, up and up go the dividends, up and up go the total working days lost by strikes, up and up go the number of people who spend their £100 travel allowance on the Continent.

A FRIEND of Eden's said to him this summer, "I am off for a holiday to Austria." Eden replied tersely: "Austria is too popular." In fact, foreign travel has become a serious item in Britain's economy.

Then there was the orgy of hire-purchase. The sale of private cars this August was far ahead of the same period last year. Nor is the spending spree confined to cars. Everything is going up—wages, costs, dividends. Did I say that everything is going up? Everything but production.

Eden surveyed the scene and said some pretty tough things to his colleagues. British manufacturers were finding it easier to sell at home than in the more competitive foreign markets. So up went the bank rate to make borrowing more difficult. Up went the amount of the initial deposit on instalment purchases. Out went instructions to the banks to clamp down on overdrafts except for industrial purposes.

I AM one of several reporters who went eastward after the Geneva Conference in the hope of finding, behind the Iron Curtain, the explanation of what happened at Geneva. I think I have found the answer I was seeking. It lies, I believe, in the enormous change which seven years have made in the pressures on the opposite sides of the Curtain.

When I last crossed that barrier, in 1949 it was, in reality, the defence line of the West, and it was being held with some difficulty. The Marshall Plan had not yet really begun to work, the North Atlantic Alliance was just being formed; Western Europe was worn out with fear, disunity,

Communism, and physical depression. The Iron Curtain then was a dam, and the water level was high on the Communist side and low on our side. The dam might have burst at any moment and Western Europe would have been flooded almost overnight by the tide sweeping outwards from Moscow.

The Iron Curtain is still a dam today but the pressure on it no longer comes from East. It comes from our side and the pressure is very great, and the Communist countries know that the dam will not hold indefinitely against this rising pressure from the West. They have two choices: either they can wait until the pressure breaks the dam, or they can try to reduce the pressure by letting a controlled flow through the dam. This is my conclusion from my own trip behind the Curtain and my theory of what lay behind the Geneva Conference.

My trip started in Vienna. We crossed the Curtain on a little railway bridge over a small stream; then a ploughed strip, three barbed-wire fences, and we were in Czechoslovakia. From the border to Prague we counted exactly four lorries, two buses, 18 passenger cars, and seven motor-bicycles.

And the fields—something was wrong there, too. Czechoslovakia is the most heavily industrialised country in Eastern Europe, but where were the tractors and reapers and combines which Communist posters show taking the toil out of the life of the worker? Men were cutting grain with scythes and women were binding the sheaves and putting them up in shocks by hand.

Prague puzzled me, too. I had seen it several times before. First when the Germans had been in it for two years at the beginning of the war and already taken many good things away, but it was better then and it had again been busy and lively and well stocked in 1947, and now, just in 1949 when the new regime was just getting started.

It is different now. In small ways. Clothes are shabbier, people walk more slowly, talk less, in lower tones, shop windows show the drab look which seems to be inevitable when the labels on goods are printed in People's Democracy printing shops and the displays are arranged by employees of the state.

Then, another thing one notices: the enormous increase in the number of bookshops but scarcely in the number of their customers. I saw no one inside a bookshop but many people in queues outside bookshops. The Government says it is to be a book for every man, woman and child. They have had shiploads of books, all the way from

Will Eden be able to stand the strain, as Churchill did in the years of fate that marked his Premiership? Churchill, of course, like David Lloyd George, always enjoyed the priceless gift of being able to go to sleep whenever he wished and for as long or short a period as was available. In the war he also had the gift of going without sleep all night if it was necessary.

What does Eden do for recreation? He does not play golf nor does he play tennis. His bad-tempered father did in the spurious days of that era. Sometimes he plays tennis because it gives him exercise with the minimum expenditure of time, but his real outdoor recreation is the same as Adam. He loves gardening.

He does not play cards but he reads and he occasionally paints, which he does better than Hitler but not as well as Churchill. Then he likes to walk at dusk in the lonely lanes of the countryside. Therefore let us not our study of Britain's Prime Minister and his difficulties with this final observation. Eden has enormous courage, an inner capacity for hard work, and while fully aware of his place in history he never indulges in self-dramatisation. Today he is complete master of the Government and his position is unchallengeable.

He has travelled a long way from the Foreign Secretary, this poster of dreams

CHANGES BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

By Joseph Harsch

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China, but there are still queues in the butcher's shops. Then we went on to Poland, again by train. These People's Democracies are different from each other, sometimes in unexpected ways. Czech propaganda posters always mention the Soviet Union; Polish propaganda posters do not. And there were not so many of them.

At the Polish railroad stations on the way to Warsaw we saw several Roman Catholic priests in full clerical garb, walking briskly and unselfconsciously. I had seen none in Czechoslovakia.

Same Story. But the story on the farmlands was the same. We were eight hours from the borders to Warsaw on the train and we saw not one single piece of machinery—nothing but scythes, and women binding and shocking the grain. And no motor transport on the highways at all, until we drew near Warsaw.

Over and over again in these countries you ask yourself: "Where is the result of all the boasted industrialisation?" In Poland the answer is partly Warsaw itself. Warsaw is the show place of Eastern European Communism. It has been made to rise from the ashes left by Hitler's Storm Troopers, and it has risen impressively.

Then, as a visiting reporter talks with Communist and non-Communist Poles and Western diplomats, three big doubts about Poland, after seven years of intensive Communist pressure, begin to emerge. The Government has waged war on three ancient Polish institutions: the peasant, the Roman Catholic Church, and the industrialist; the Polish labourer to work when and where he pleases.

The state has hurt all three of these institutions, but it has yet to break any one of the three. The peasant still owns and tills 80 percent of the farm land; the Church still holds the loyalty of 95 percent of the people; the labourer quits his job when he likes and moves on to another. The Communist Government in Poland has not yet dared to move decisively against peasant, Church, or worker.

On Defensive. I have a feeling, which I cannot prove, but a feeling as a reporter, that the tide has turned in Poland against the regime; that it is on the defensive; that it dreads not return to the offensive on those three main internal fronts of the battle between the new Communist regime and the ancient institutions of Poland.

I know that Czechoslovakia has been hurt by Communism, that it and its people are less well off. I am sure that the pressure on the Communist countries from the West is far greater than the pressure outward.

DIFFICULT TO SOLVE. It is realised that this latter problem will be difficult to solve, although, informants believe it can be done by a continuous campaign to its parents that young children should be in the open air in the daytime and that they should sleep at night.

But the newspaper contends that the question of young children at cinema and other late-night entertainments can be dealt with very simply—and at once—without any further investigation.

It is not a question of whether a particular film is, or is not, suitable for youngsters, because for a child of six months, or even more, no film holds the smallest interest. It is a question of public health, and cinema should be absolutely prohibited to young children whatever the hour at which performances are given, while all older children should be forbidden to attend late-night shows. Such is the wise recommendation of informants.

CAMPAIGN LAUNCHED. A campaign against this particular form of "cruelty to children" has now been launched in Madrid with the object of educating parents in what the organisers call their "fundamental duty" to their children. An editorial in the supporting campaign, the influential and widely-read evening newspaper, *Informacion*, issued out of barons who allow their children to indulge in "noctambulism" and urged every parent to take steps to put the

bedtime



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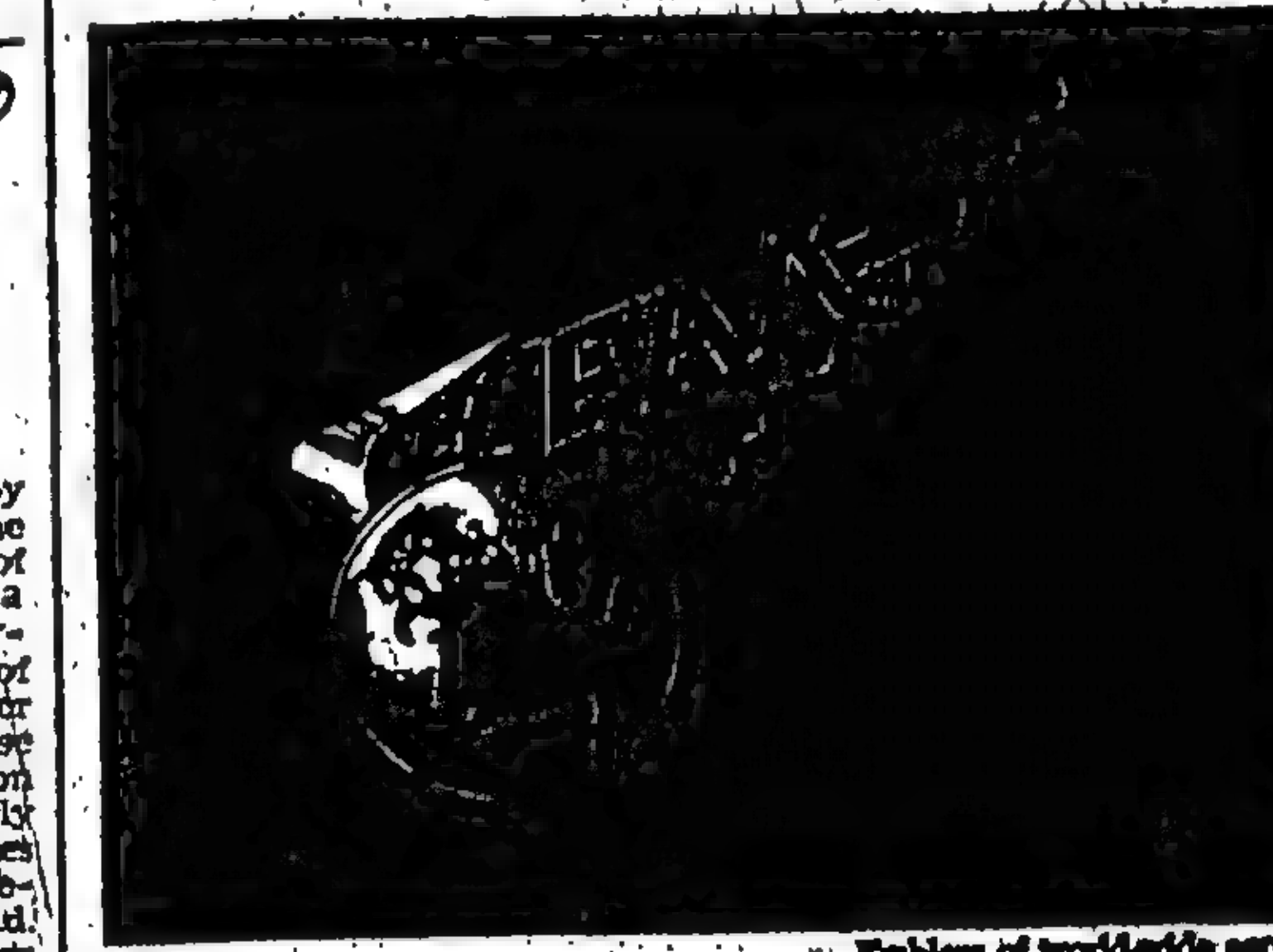
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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"One whiff, maddom, and he'll forget all about M.I.5 and the Official Secrets Act!"

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

SAUSAGE MAN Do you know what a jumbo baffled all? Or a sparrow bill maker? Or a back end girl?

These phrases baffled officials of a friendly society whose job is to find out what would-be members do for a living.

The society found that there are more than 10,000 different occupations in Britain, many with slang names.

Now the society's magazine has published a list of odd jobs "after many hours of patient investigation."

The jobs include:

Jumbo winder.—Minds a machine used in carpet weaving.
Sparrow bill maker.—Forges wrought-iron nails from iron rod.

Back end girl.—Refills shuttles and mends broken threads at back of Swiss embroidery machines.

Fly gatherer.—Sweeps up and bags waste and "fly" (fibre dust) in spinning room.

Beetle cutter.—Cuts and shapes heads of wooden mallets (beetles) used in finish textiles.

Buzzer.—Puts wet yarn or cloth into hydro-extracting machine. Can also be called "Slinger," "Swisser," "Whizzer" and "Wuzzer."

Glass heater out.—Transfers bottles or other partly finished articles from one mould to another.

Dog whipper.—Superintends work of pony drivers and leaders in metal mines.

Fliker.—Removes loose bristles, hair or fibres from filled brushes.

One phrase, Master of the Casings Trade, baffled the officials completely. The man who held that title turned out to be a maker of sausage skins.

SHEEP AND COATS It seems that one aspect of British immigration procedure particularly annoys foreign visitors. That is the segregation of foreign and British passport holders when they arrive at a United Kingdom port.

Since this is practised by a race who have for generations given sanctuary to refugees from all over the world, it can hardly be assumed that it is symptomatic of xenophobia. It probably makes for swifter passage through immigration control.

Nevertheless, it would appear that it is resented by sensitive foreign visitors who are left with the impression that somehow they are being discriminated against.

Now, without pausing to suggest that other countries might put their own house in order before criticising Britain, United Kingdom tourist authorities and government officials are getting together to see if anything can be done about rectifying "this unfortunate impression."

And at an international tourist agency get-together in Switzerland, British representa-

tives have been hearing more criticism of this aspect of their country's immigration system.

SANCTUARY OFFER A secret courier from Paris has arrived in Lisbon to pass, through a Latin American Embassy, an offer of sanctuary for ex-President Peron of Argentina in the South of France.

Why is this move being made through Lisbon? It seems that whoever is the interested party in France wants to keep his identity a secret. Neither the Quai d'Orsay, nor the Argentine Embassy in Paris, knows anything about the sanctuary offer in France, which is said to include a chateau somewhere in Auvergne.

But it seems possible that Peron may go to live in Lisbon first, thus following a long line of famous exiles to the suburbs of Estoril.

SEEING RED Nearly 200 people have jumped to death from the 166ft. high Clifton suspension bridge or the rocks in the Avon gorge, Bristol, in the last 50 years. Now the question is asked, "Does the red oxide paint on the bridge affect highly strung people?"

Mr J. Nelson Meredith, Bristol City architect, said: "I have always objected to the colour of the suspension bridge. Colour plays a very important part in our subconscious lives."

He told members of Bristol Trades Council that, if the bridge were painted a different colour, there might be fewer suicides in the Avon gorge.

"White lead would be much better than red oxide," he suggested. "Red is a most exciting colour and it does affect them." Mr Meredith told of London's Blackfriars Bridge, which had its colour changed from dark brown to a light green. He said a close watch was kept on this bridge and it was found that the number of suicides from it was reduced by 20 percent.

EASING UP The United States Air Force is to adopt British-style uniforms (khaki shorts and bush jackets) for service in the sun. Hitherto the U.S. Services have been conservative in their attitude towards the short sleeve and shorts worn by British, Australian and New Zealand forces in the desert campaigns.

The American influence—largely of some religious denominations—has felt it improper to expose legs and until now long trousers have been standard wear in all U.S. Services.

NEW BOOKS reviewed by ROBIN HUTCHEON

THE STRANGE MAN IN THE HOME OF THE GODS

KANCHENJUNGA. By John Tucker. Elek Books, London. 21/.

IN a book about climbing in the Himalayas this week, I found one of the world's strangest stories.

Not about yetis, or a lost tribe, or a new Shangri La, or some peculiar sight the expedition had seen on the mountain.

But a strange man who tried to climb the terrifying heights of Kanchenjunga in 1905; a mountain which the local people still say is the home of the Gods.

Fantastic avalanches crash down its icy slopes bombarding its serrated skirts and glacier valleys with jagged ice boulders, frozen snow clumps and tortured rocks.

Local superstition has it that these are missiles sent down by the vengeful Gods to warn off trespassers from their cruel and bitter domain.

To this primeval and untamed land came Aleister Crowley with an international team of Alpine climbers.

John Tucker's first reference to Crowley caught my attention. The 1905 expedition, he said, was led by "the notorious Aleister Crowley" which ended in "shameful disaster."

Now mountaineers, like any other sportsmen, do not talk of famous predecessors like that unless there is some good reason. For Crowley was an expert climber, expert enough to be given charge of a Kanchenjunga expedition at any rate.

Having excited my interest the author unkindly made me read twenty more pages before his next dramatic reference to Crowley.

Then he told this strange story: Crowley was, to wit, a famous occultist, a "Great Beast" of the Apocalypse, black magician and Satanist.

I don't know whether he was English, Scottish or Irish. The spelling of his Christian name—Aleister—suggests one of the latter two, but as Tucker, an

Englishman, does not mention it, I rather suspect his nationality is a cover for shame—and that Crowley was a fellow countryman.

He had climbed in Mexico and the Alps before coming to the Himalayas with another famous mountaineer, Oscar Eckenstein. The first venture was K2, the second heights mountain in the world.

Crowley turned up with a "small library" of poems because he said literary food seemed more essential to him than material comforts.

Little is told of what happened on this climb except that he led the expedition, that it failed, and that when another member of this party, Knowles, was invited to join the Kanchenjunga expedition of which Crowley was to be leader, he declined because he claimed that Crowley had tried to shoot him 20,000 feet up on the bitter heights of K2.

Almost from the outset of the 1905 expedition there was grumbling over his leadership. He treated the porters like dogs and expected them to climb glaciers barefooted. One day he croaked an almost hysterical porter over the head with the steel staff of an ice-axe to "bring him back to his senses."

When the porters tried to desert, he decided to give a hair-raising exhibition of his "super-natural powers" in an attempt to restore morale. He flung himself deliberately down a steep ice-slope overhanging a rock cliff, and at the very verge of the precipice, righted himself and jumped to his feet.

In the lower camps a revolt began. Dr Jacot-Guillarmod climbed with a small party to Crowley's tent at 21,000 feet to tell him he had taken over the leadership.

Crowley was thunderstruck by the news but as Dr Guillarmod turned to begin the descent, the black magician prophesied that one of the climbers, Pache, would be dead in ten minutes.

And ten minutes later, as the small party climbed down the mountain, one of the leading porters lost his balance and slid down a snow-covered slope. They were all roped together. One after another they were jerked off their feet by

the falling porter and hurled down the mountainside followed by an avalanche of cascading ice and snow.

Four men were killed. Three porters and Pache. He was shocked by the news? He sat down and wrote a letter to a magazine, The Pioneer, depicting the rashness of his companions and professing no sympathy with them whatever.

He said he was "not over-anxious in the circumstances to render help."

The next day he was seen descending the mountain. He did not bother to inquire about the condition of his injured comrades. He simply walked on—"deserted" as Dr Guillarmod put it—and they never saw him again.

This is all that Tucker tells of Crowley apart from his success in blazing a trail up Kanchenjunga which may have led mountaineers to the summit in later years.

But they avoided it—even Tucker's party.

It was as though Crowley had put a curse on this part of the mountain. For while some dismissed him as a thorough and a rotter, others regarded him

as a figure of immense evil who cast a fatal spell on Kanchenjunga and all who climbed on it.

John Tucker's book makes excellent reading. He has a bright, breezy style. He ribs his companions mercilessly and treats the march to the mountain as a hilarious picnic.

Unfortunately his small party did not reach the summit. But the expedition did as much as Shipton's party for Sir John Hunt's climbers on Everest—they found a feasible route to the summit, less direct than Crowley's but, they decided, safer.

Earlier this year Dr Charles Evans and his party followed their trail to the summit—or rather, a few feet below the top, to preserve the sacredness of the "seat of the Gods."

Many readers may prefer to wait for Dr Evans' account of the second major British success in the Himalayas.

But if you enjoy his small adventure of this kind, can recommend Tucker's book as one of the most enjoyable and informative accounts of mountaineering that I have ever read.

In Prewar Peking MY BOY CHANG. By Hope Danby. Gollancz, London, 13/6.

THIS is a pleasantly-written story about the author's life in Prewar Peking.

It is a panorama—familiar enough to many in Hongkong now, but probably breathtaking to the stranger—that is painted in delicate colours.

And it is a good picture of a life which many say came close to their conception of the ideal—even the sublime. There is nothing sentimental in this retrospect. The author has reproduced the scene faithfully and obviously with great care.

Appropriately, the book is dedicated to Mrs Danby's boy, Chang, a loyal, intelligent, unpretentious and entirely independent servant.

Appropriately, for it was Chang's smooth and able administration of her household that made possible her exploration and fulfilment of each golden hour.

The intention is understandable and the parody gentle enough, but the effect—though amusing—is sometimes a little unfair.

Mrs Danby's book brought back memories of many happy years spent in Hankow, Tientsin and the countryside outside Shanghai before the war. Alas, it is a period as remote today as Bowdler's London and Tolstoy's Russia.

I liked it for another reason: I am lucky enough to have a boy like Chang who enables me to live my full and happy life in Hongkong.

Murder record JOHN GEORGE HAIGH, the acid bath murderer who was hanged in 1949, and John Christie, who was hanged two years ago, were more than two of the most notorious killers of recent years. They share, it appears, the "record" for the largest number of victims among British murderers.

This somewhat morbid claim to fame is recorded for posterity today in a stockpile of facts and records. The Guinness Book of Records (Superlatives Ltd., 15/).

While Haigh, to whom nine victims were ascribed, and Christie, who killed at least six women at his Notting Hill house, had more victims than any other identified killers in British criminal history, Britain's most prolific murderer was the perpetrator of the infamous series of Jack the Ripper murders in London in 1888. He is credited with one more victim than Haigh.

60-SECOND BOOK WHAT does a man think of when he knows that in a few minutes he will be dead?

A Japanese war criminal, Major Satochi Ota, fell asleep just before he had to face the firing squad... and snored loudly.

Another war criminal, son of a Japanese liquor dealer, sighed: "What wouldn't I give for a drink!" (life got one).

Hideki Tojo, Japanese Prime Minister and war criminal-in-chief, was full of thoughts about "future life." "I am sure there is a paradise," he said. "Maybe it is in the stars. Maybe it is in a separate world... I believe we shall be able to communicate with that world in the future through the development of radio."

—From *The Way of Delirance* by Shinzo Yamaguchi, Gollancz, 12/6.

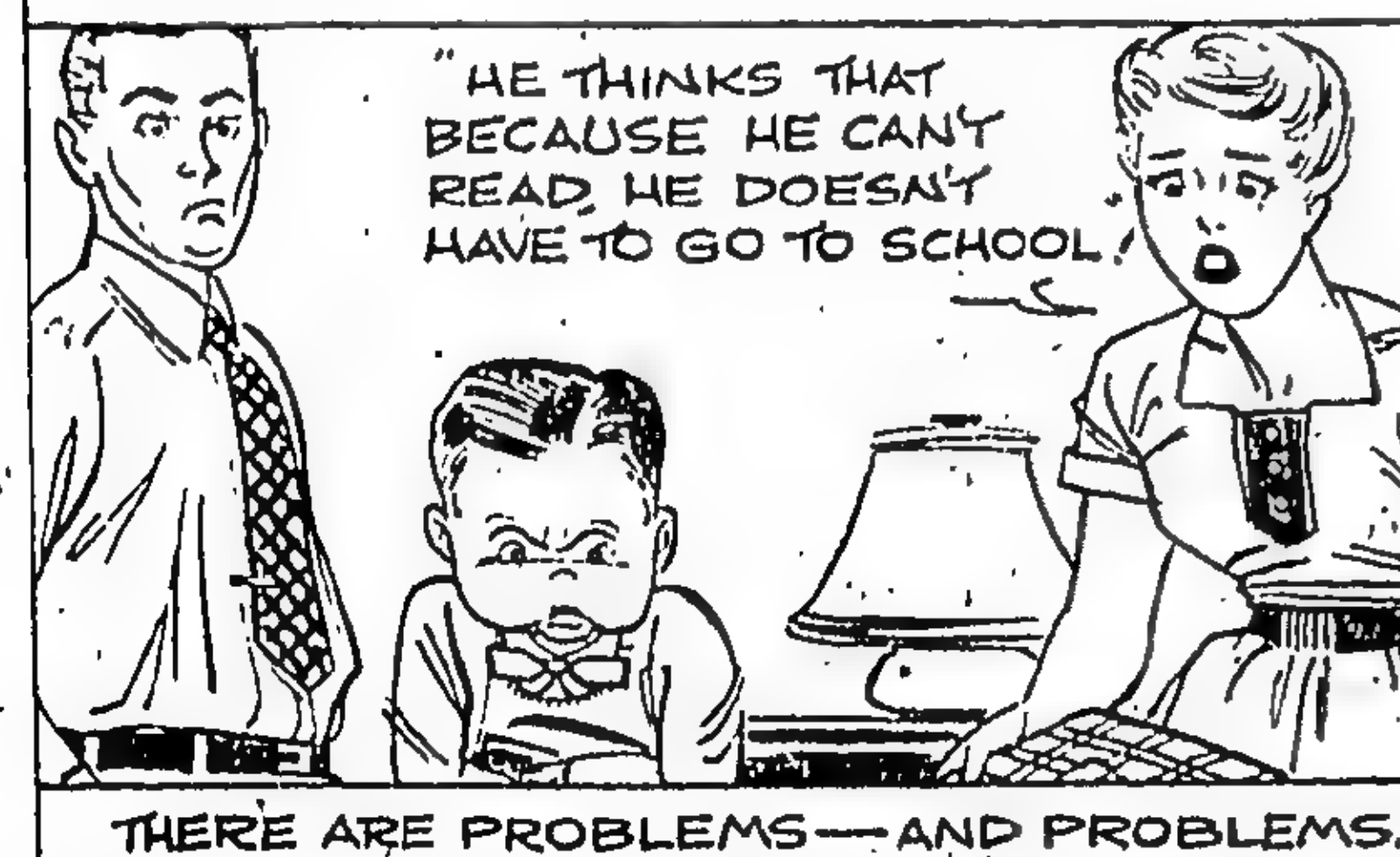
VIGNETTES OF LIFE

School Daze

BY HARRY WEINERT



LITTLE ARTHUR GETS AN IDEA OF WHAT HE'LL BE UP AGAINST WHEN HE STEPS OUT INTO THE ADULT WORLD.



"HE THINKS THAT BECAUSE HE CAN'T READ, HE DOESN'T HAVE TO GO TO SCHOOL."

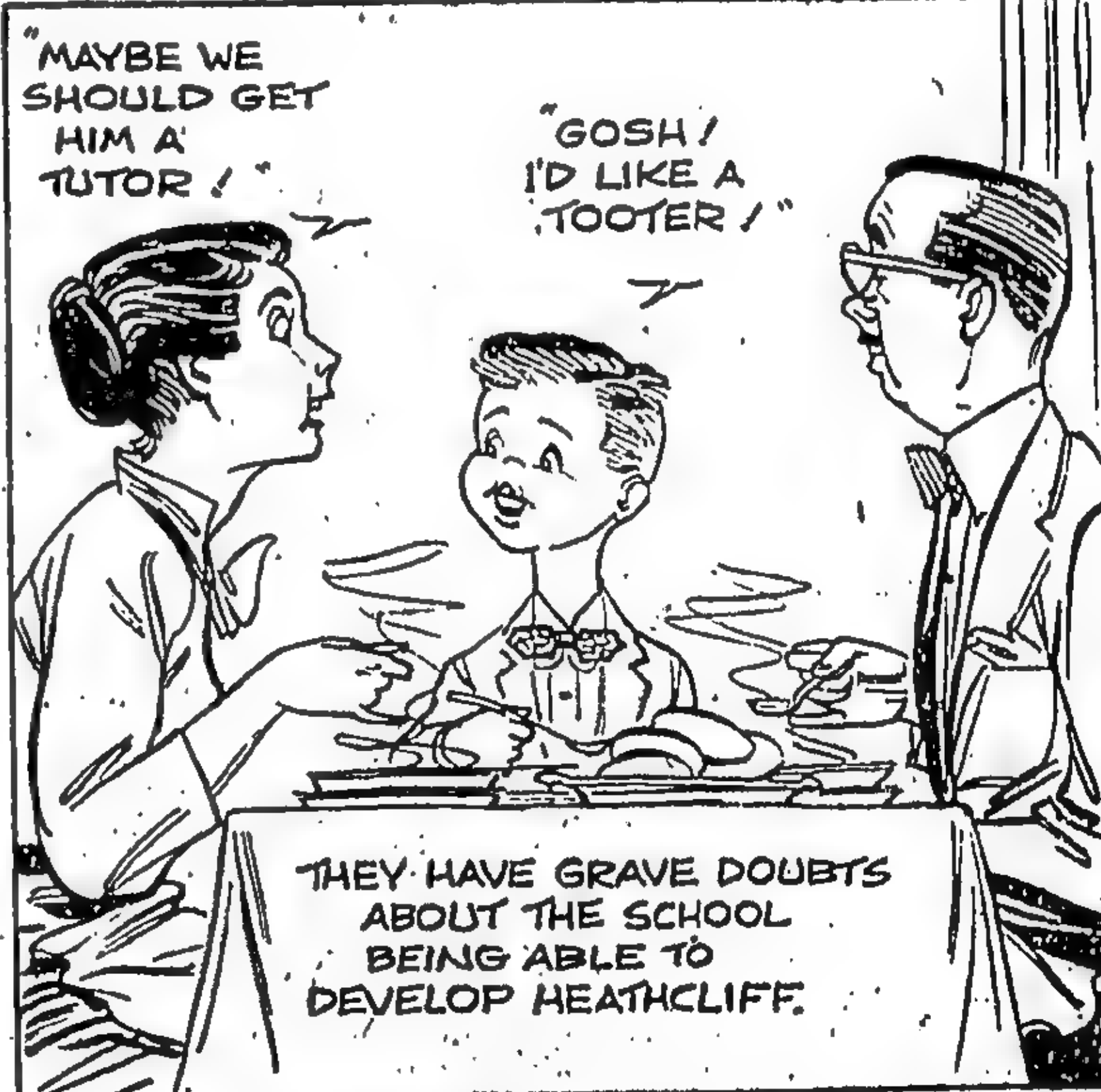
THERE ARE PROBLEMS—AND PROBLEMS.



BESIDES INSTRUCTING THE YOUNG THE TEACHER IS EXPECTED TO SEE THAT JUNIOR EATS HIS LUNCH SLOWLY—THAT EGBERT DOESN'T SIT IN A DRAFT—THAT MIRADOR WEARS HER RUBBERS AT RECESS—AND THAT CHESLEY CAN BE LED, BUT CANNOT BE DRIVEN

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WINDY 7-18



"MAYBE WE SHOULD GET HIM A TUTOR!"

"GOSH! I'D LIKE A TOOTER!"

THEY HAVE GRAVE DOUBTS ABOUT THE SCHOOL BEING ABLE TO DEVELOP HEATHCLIFF.



"NOT YOU CAN NOT TAKE YOUR PLANET DISINTEGRATION GUN!"

OFF TO THE WARS.



"IN THE LAST SCHOOL THEY DIDN'T ALLOW HIM TO EXPRESS HIS PERSONALITY!"



WHEN THEY SEEM MOST STUDIOUS THEY'RE DOING THEIR BEST DREAMING.



MOTHER'S PRIDE AND JOY JUST LOVES TO MAKE FRIENDS.

THIS HELP-YOUR-NEIGHBOURS SCHEME IS SURE TO SPREAD EVEN FURTHER

Says DON REVIE

The lights go up, but the terraces are bare and silent. While football fans fume and fret, Soccer is enjoying its latest craze—Secret Trials. Why should clubs close their doors? Why should they want to play one another in private? Why shouldn't the public look in? Those are the questions many people are now asking. But let me say straight away—I am in favour of these trials behind locked doors.

It was three two shrewd Secret Trials. Andy Beattie of Huddersfield Town and Peter Doherty of Doncaster Rovers who first hit on the idea of clubs helping each other to train. This week at Hillsborough, Sheffield Wednesday played Sheffield United behind closed doors. And I see that Huddersfield would like to play Burnley or some other nearby club in the same way.

This help-your-neighbour scheme is sure to spread even further. I think it would be a great idea if Manchester City and Manchester United could play practice matches in this way.

SECRET MATCHES

Why do I think these secret matches are a good idea? Firstly, by playing another club the teams get proper practice. Secondly, these matches give training clubs a chance to help one another by pooling ideas and experimenting. And teams can try out tactics and new styles of play under proper match conditions.

But why shouldn't the clubs cash in by letting the public in at reduced prices? Because it wouldn't be fair to the public.

and it wouldn't help the players.

For instance, when the English party was training we had to sort out many new ideas. After partnering Stan Matthews I myself had now to learn Jackie Milburn's style of play; and this meant trying out all sorts of plans to make the best use of Jackie's terrific speed.

You couldn't do that with a vast crowd gazing at you. A team manager couldn't put forward his views forcibly because spectators would imagine what a future there would be for the players if Sheffield Wednesday, or Manchester United, or Manchester City were watching the Sheffield United v. Sheffield Wednesday trial, or Manchester United v. Manchester City trial.

No, these trials must stay secret. All the same, I have one suggestion. Clubs should play these matches against teams from a higher sphere. This would be a great help to the Third Division.

While discussing training, what other ideas could we introduce into British soccer? Well, here is one. Why don't we have in this country training camps, such as they have in the continent?

MOUNTAIN CAMP

It would be an excellent idea for our internationals if 22 or 24 of them could be kept to

gether for two or three weeks in some mountain camp—say in Wales or the Lake District. There, in fresh air, under conditions, they could really get down to the job.

They would be far away from the crowds; they could be brought to peak fitness under ideal conditions; and they would be free to concentrate on football. They could talk tactics, discuss styles, prepare for the job in the same way as heavyweight contenders prepare for a World title fight.

It might not be our old-time British way of doing things, but I fancy that in years to come, this kind of specialised and concentrated training, and that is a point to many football fans forget.

I was in Copenhagen, of course, when last Saturday's League matches were played, but on my return I was most interested to hear Malcolm Burrows' reply to the "Boo Boys".

Apparently a small section of the Bolton crowd hooted Ron Flowers, the Wolves centre-half, and Burrows, a great sportsman, said afterwards that it would have been better if the "Boo Boys" had saved their breath.

NASTY FOULS

I quite agree. Do these chaps realise they do football no good by this sort of behaviour? You get it on all grounds from time to time, of course, but what's the point of it?

Booting a young player can destroy his confidence and future development. I hate to hear it. The referee, not the spectator, is there to see fair play. Moreover, when you look at British football as a whole, can you honestly say that there are many nasty fouls?

If the "Boo Boys" only realised it, their foolish hooting does more to unsettle the players and create ill-feeling than a good football match has been ruined in this way.

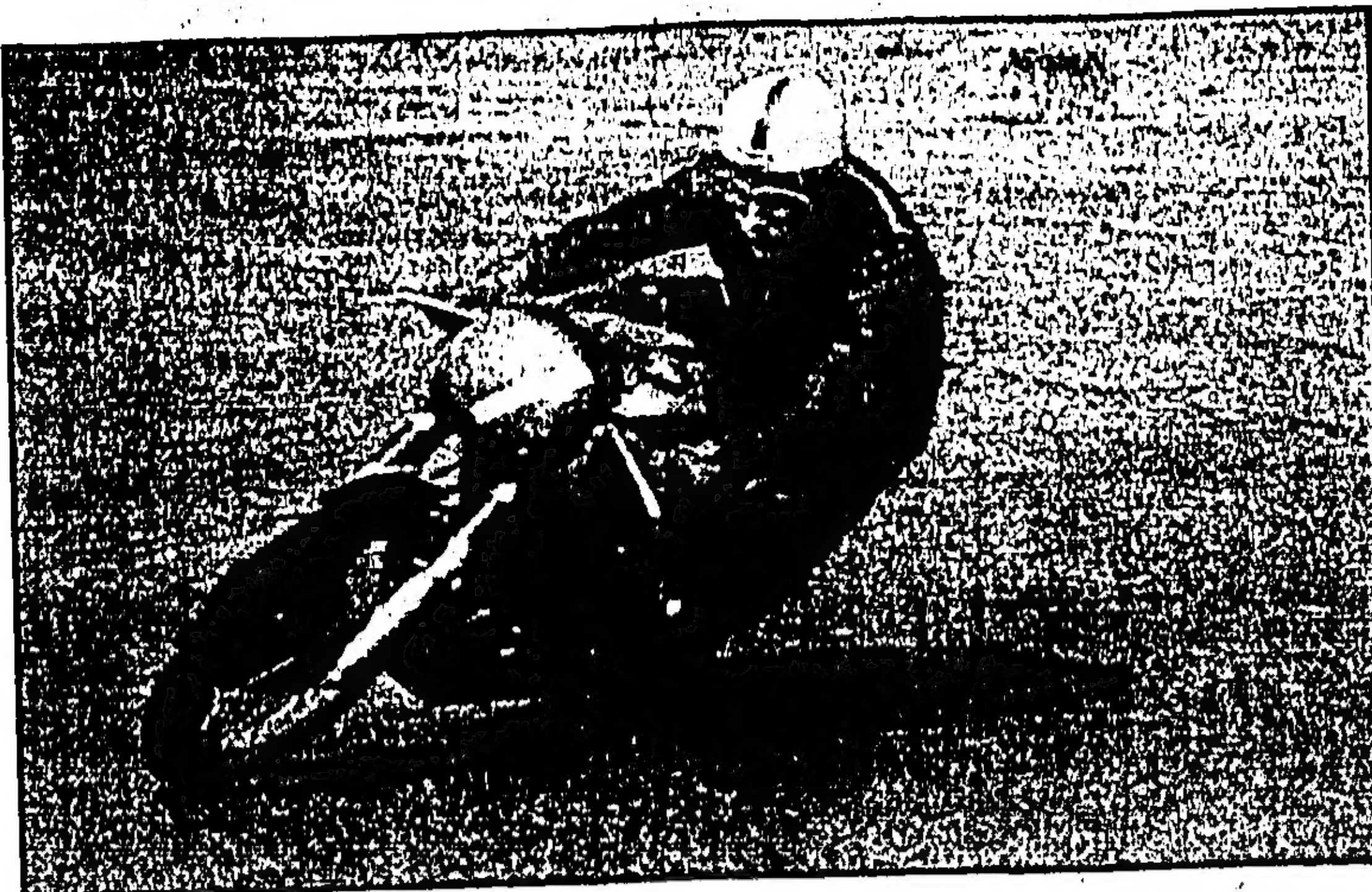
Very often opposing footballers going in hard for the ball are the best of friends off the field. I recall in my young days at Leicester we played against a team who had one of these "football fire-eaters". Our skipper met this robust player in the tunnel and remarked: "I'm waiting for you today you know." Those words were enough. We had no rough stuff.

(COPYRIGHT)

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Joe Louis who was 23 when he took the title from Jim Braddock.
2. Rugby players.
3. 499,335 by Tom Reece in 1907.
4. Sir John Alcock and Sir William Brown in 1919.
5. (a) Bill Tilden (b) Donald Budge (c) Fred Perry (d) Budge Patty.
6. (a) Athletics (b) Golf (c) Badminton (d) Boxing.
7. Young Martin, of Spain.
8. Les Hutton. He is the only professional.
9. Rugby.
10. Lord's, after the original owner Thomas Lord.

THE HUTCHINSON HUNDRED



John Surtees, the young London rider, crowned a day of successes in the Hutchinson Hundred motor cycle meeting at Silverstone on October 3 when he held off a fierce challenge by World Champion Geoff Duke for the lead in the 500 c.c. event. Surtees, on a Norton, led throughout the race. He beat Duke, on a Gilera, by a hundred yards.

The Rugger Season Begins In Earnest This Afternoon

By "PAK LO"

This afternoon the rugger season begins in earnest and, with ten teams taking part in this half of the season, there is a wide selection of games for the spectators to choose from.

On the Kowloon side the first match begins at 3.15 p.m. on the Police ground in Boundary Street. The two combatants in this are H.K. & K. Garrison and 48 Brigade. Then at 4.00 p.m., on the Army Ground in Boundary Street, the Gunners take on RAF Mainland, while following them on the same ground the Police oppose the Navy, at 5.00 p.m.

Over on the other side the two Club teams are at home to RAF Island, and 27 Brigade. The Club "A" and RAF Island will kick off at 3.15 p.m., and the Club "B" v 27 Brigade match will start at 4.30 p.m.

And now what are the various XV's prospects for this afternoon? Taking them in the order mentioned above, 48 Brigade look the more likely to win their opening match with H.K. & K. Garrison as their three are the more dangerous. Not much is known about the Garrison XV at present but I am told they are undaunted at the thought of facing 48 Brigade.

SPIRITED TEAM
In the next game the Gunners are my selection as I have seen them in action and they are quite impressive, and are always a very spirited team.

Gerrard will captain the side, and Glen, whom I mentioned the other day, will definitely be playing, so this afternoon we shall see if he lives up to his advance reputation.

RAF Mainland are on paper a solid team with a good set of three, but they will have to go really hard to overcome the Gunners.

Next in rotation comes the Police v Navy game. The Police, with their usual run of luck, have lost another couple of players due to injuries and in fact, Leilott has returned in time to take part. Lloyd has, rather surprisingly to my mind, dropped back to the centre of the three-quarter line, letting Leilott take his place at scrum half.

However, this does strengthen up the three line, and with Marsh as the other centre and Nash on the wing outside him

they should be a dangerous combination. Shelley will be missed in the pack which he has been leading with great verve lately, but he should return soon.

The Navy has quite a few players from last season in the line-up and they have a new full-back in Mahal. Lloyd is the captain and has Hewitt as the other centre with two new comers on the wings.

The pack is fairly fast and heavy and for this game the Navy would appear more likely to be the victors, but it should be a close result.

At least the Police this year, while they have not won all their practice matches with other units, are at least scoring, which is an improvement over last year.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY

In the Club "A" game the backs who played the other night against Henderson's XV are unchanged but there have been many changes in the pack. The object of this is to make the "A" and "B" teams theoretically equal, but this, of course, is practically an impossibility. There is now more weight in the "A" pack but these carrying the weight are not as yet fully fit.

RAF Island, on the other hand, are fit. They have two of last year's RAF stars in McGarrity and Southwick and the whole team look more promising than does Club "A".

Finally Club "B" v 27 Brigade. The latter seem to have a good sprinkling of Army players from last season and Blackburn and Gadd on one wing should be a serious threat to Club "B".

The 27 pack is very fast, but the "B" pack should be able to hold them for the first half at least. The Club "B" three

consist of three of last year's Club backs and a newcomer, and are reasonably fast, but the two halves are a bit weak.

This could be a win for Club "B", but it seems more probable that fitness will tell in the long run and 27 should emerge with the victor's laurels.

Naturally as these are the first games of the season there are a lot of weaknesses in practically all the teams, and if their opponents are quick enough to spot the weaknesses and exploit them the results in most cases could easily be in contrast to this forecast.

THE TEAMS

Gunners: Rowe, Harrison, Gerrard, Owen-Smith, Anderson, Jackson, Glen, Collet, Barker, Chandler, Kelly, Robinson, Buckley, Gatehouse, Cunningham.

Police: Johnston, Brown, Lloyd, Marsh, Nash, Walker, Leilott, Greene, Mayger, Cunningham, Dawson, Brown, Bryan, Ross, Purves.

Navy: Mahal, Tostin, Lloyd, Hewitt, Andrews, Davies, Sherwood, Smith, Davies, Gale, Jones, Dey, Turner, Voyce, Pogson.

Club "A": Cole, Stone, Penman, Valentine, Collins, O'Kelly, Roberts, Williams, Russell, Slack, Barker, Carpenter, Talamo, Elliott, Kerr.

RAF Island: Cornish, Cody, Lewis, Fleming, East, McGarrity, Fairhurst, Worthy, Perry, Gale, Anderson, Marns, Hodgson, Southwick, Woolf.

Club "B": Dyer, Burnett, Inglis, Martin, Spencer, Clark, Stewart, Shafter, Knight, Rankin, McColl-McCowan, Ansdell, Hargroves, Robertson, Wilson, 27 Brigade: Chassey, 3.45 p.m. Dockyard v Gymnastics (IV), Trampway v CMB (IV), Prisoners v ILMC (Saturday) at 5.15 p.m.

4th Division: Hollandia v B & S (IV) at 3.45 p.m.; RIL v Road Works (IV) 5.15 p.m.

Cricket: "Optimists" v RAF, ILC v Navy, VCC, Police v HKCC "Scorpions," Records v Army "N".

1st Division: HKCC "Optimists" v RAF, ILC v Navy, VCC, Police v HKCC "Scorpions," Records v Army "N".

2nd Division: RAF v HKCC, KCC "A" v University "B", DBS v Army "S", KGV v Dockyard, Army "N" v KCC "A", University v Records.

League: Dorians "A" v KGV (IV) at 2.30 p.m.; Dorians "B" (IV) at 2.30 p.m.; KGV "A" v Records (IS) at 2.15 p.m.; Dorians v CCC (IV), Grenada Kings v Grenada (IV) at 4 p.m.

Gunners v RAF (IS) 4 p.m.; Club "B" v 27 Brigade (Club) 4.30 p.m.; Police v Navy (IS) 5 p.m.; Club "A" v RIL (Club) 5 p.m.; KCC v Kila Garrison v 48 Brigade (IS) 3.15 p.m.

Tennis: CMC Tournament: Schoolboys Singles at CMC, 3 p.m.; KCC Tennis Singles final, 5 p.m.

Althorpe Shield at HKCC: HK v Kowloon, 3 p.m.

Rowing: HKCC Regatta, Kaitia Island, Kowloon, 3 p.m.



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Sports Diary

TODAY

1st Division: Soccer South China v Kitchee (CH), Navy v St Joseph's (Navy), 5.15 p.m.; South China v Kitchee (CH), Jardine's v St Joseph's (Navy), 3.45 p.m.

2nd Division: Little Saigon v Telephone, KMB v Dairy Farm, both matches at Happy Valley 3.45 p.m. Dockyard v Gymnastics (IV), Trampway v CMB (IV), Prisoners v ILMC (Saturday) at 5.15 p.m.

4th Division: Hollandia v B & S (IV) at 3.45 p.m.; RIL v Road Works (IV) 5.15 p.m.

Cricket: "Optimists" v RAF, ILC v Navy, VCC, Police v HKCC "Scorpions," Records v Army "N".

1st Division: HKCC "Optimists" v RAF, ILC v Navy, VCC, Police v HKCC "Scorpions," Records v Army "N".

2nd Division: RAF v HKCC, KCC "A" v University "B", DBS v Army "S", KGV v Dockyard, Army "N" v KCC "A", University v Records.

League: Dorians "A" v KGV (IV) at 2.30 p.m.; Dorians "B" (IV) at 2.30 p.m.; KGV "A" v Records (IS) at 2.15 p.m.; Dorians v CCC (IV), Grenada Kings v Grenada (IV) at 4 p.m.

Gunners v RAF (IS) 4 p.m.; Club "B" v 27 Brigade (Club) 4.30 p.m.; Police v Navy (IS) 5 p.m.; Club "A" v RIL (Club) 5 p.m.; KCC v Kila Garrison v 48 Brigade (IS) 3.15 p.m.

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Althorpe Shield at HKCC: HK v Kowloon, 3 p.m.

Rowing: HKCC Regatta, Kaitia Island, Kowloon, 3 p.m.

THE GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



So Tender and Tasty

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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

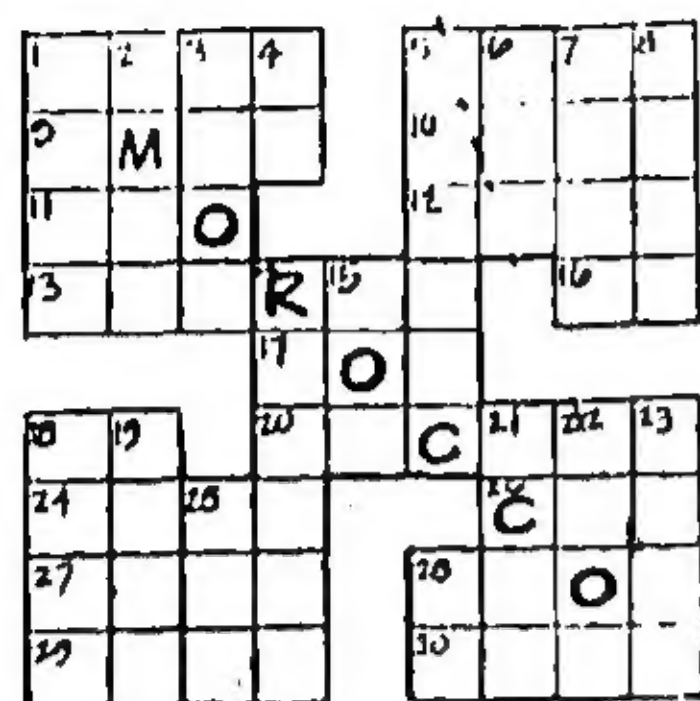
YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

HOW CAN FOOD BE GROWN IN SPACE?

THE KING WHO LIKED PEPPER

CROSSWORD

To give you a little help with this week's crossword puzzle, Cartoonist Cal has lettered in the name MOROCCO:



ACROSS

- 1 Price
- 5 Story
- 9 Danish countries
- 10 Arabian gulf
- 11 River (Sp.)
- 12 Meters
- 13 One who looks fixedly
- 16 Postscript (ab.)
- 17 Garden implement
- 18 Part of "to be"
- 20 Repeat appearance
- 24 Dress
- 26 Folding bed
- 27 Aleutian Island
- 28 Famous English school
- 29 Ovis
- 30 Jet

DOWN

- 1 Vehicles
- 2 Leave out
- 3 Greek porch
- 4 Tendle strength (ab.)
- 5 Madagascar mammal (var.)
- 6 Girl's name
- 7 Sweet secretion
- 8 Concludes
- 14 Kind of monkey
- 15 Eternity
- 18 Exclamation of sorrow
- 19 Apparition
- 21 Eight (comb. form)
- 22 Plant part
- 23 Volcano in Sicily
- 25 Summer (Fr.)
- 28 East Indies (ab.)

DIAMOND

Sidi Mohammed Ben YOUSSEF, once the Sultan of Morocco, provides the Puzzleman with a centre for his diamond. The second word is "heart", third, "inhuman"; fifth, "to place again"; and sixth, "to permit." Can you complete the diamond from these clues?

Y
O
U
S
S
E
F

CODED MESSAGE

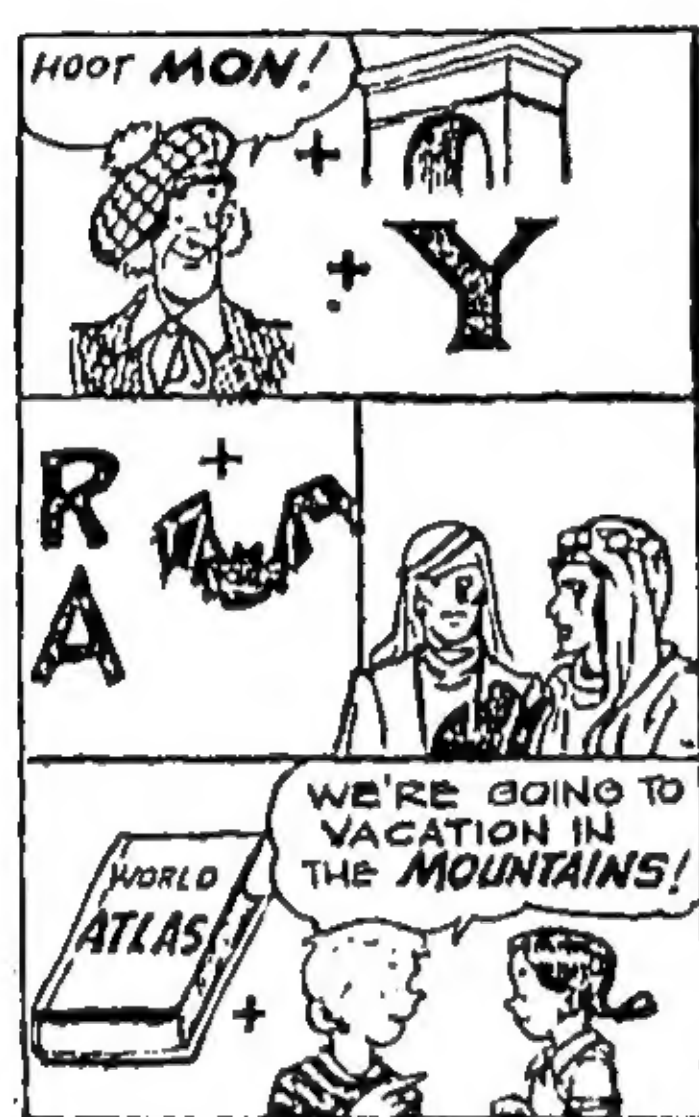
A simple code has been substituted for the message about Morocco that the Puzzleman presents here. As a clue, he says the fourth word is the name of the country we are visiting this week.

SCRAMBLE-RAMA

There are three facts about Morocco hidden here by the Puzzleman. Rearrange the letters in each row to find them. HEEEL SHINE MAE PIE (GROOM AD) RES BARIIS AN IREAD

MOROCCO REBUS

The Puzzleman has concealed four facts about Morocco in his rebus, but you can find them with ease if you use the words and pictures to your fullest advantage:



(Solutions on Page 20)

New Central African Federation Stamp

THIS stamp from the British Empire honours a great man and a bold idea. The man is David Livingstone, the idea—now materialised—is the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland.



Livingstone was born on March 19, 1813, at the village of Blarney Works, in Lanarkshire, Scotland. As a missionary, he sailed from England in 1840 for Africa and reached the mission station established by Robert Moffat 20 years earlier in Kuruman, Bechuanaland.

The next two years Livingstone spent in travelling about the country in search of a suitable outpost for a missionary settlement.

He was convinced that success among the Africans was to be achieved by opening up new stations, leaving native agents to work there—and pushing on.

He succeeded. And his example filled Africa with an army of explorers and missionaries and roused at home such powerful feelings against the slave trade that through him it may be considered as having received its death blow.

Livingstone's motto was "Fear God and Work." It is a suitable slogan for the new Central African Federation which covers the scene of many of his travels and honours him today with this stamp. It is perforated 13 and costs 1/- in London.—J. A. A.

STRANGE MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN THE HOPI TRADITION

A Young Bride's Ordeal

AN ARIZONA girl isn't married until she's had her face smeared with mud by the sisters of her sweet heart—that is, if she happens to be an American Indian and wants the ceremony to be in the best Hopi tradition. What's more, she has to spend three full days grinding corn for her mother-in-law, and gets nothing but mock insults for her labour.



But the climax of the ceremony, which takes place after this, is even more unusual. Instead of making marriage vows, the pair kneel in front of bowls of yucca root soapuds and have their heads washed by relatives.

The groom and his father fashion the trousseau, with the latter supplying the essential raw material. Everybody in the village helps weave it into a special wedding blanket and clothes for the bride. But she doesn't get a stitch till she pays for the articles by working

as a servant in her husband's old home.

He, in the meantime, has a larger debt to pay. It consists of growing a full year's supply of food, in exchange for the young lady, and is given to her mother.

Even all this, however, doesn't make her a wife, in the eyes of the village. For she has to take part in an extra special ceremony at the annual "Niman" "Kachina" holiday. The costume she wears is as odd as the "Niman" with its most unusual feature being a pot of black yucca root soapuds, which is fastened to the back of her robe.

—HESS BITTER

TO Doug Saunders, the news that man is soon to launch his own little "planets" (satellites) into space wasn't much of a surprise.

Seventeen-year-old Doug studies about such things and he had been expecting space to be conquered soon. In fact, he has been experimenting for some time to help discover how man could grow food in places where there is no gravity like the earth has.

His experiment was so important that it won him an award "for the most advanced scientific thinking" in a national science contest in America this year.

Have you ever wondered why plants grow straight up? Is it to get heat and light?

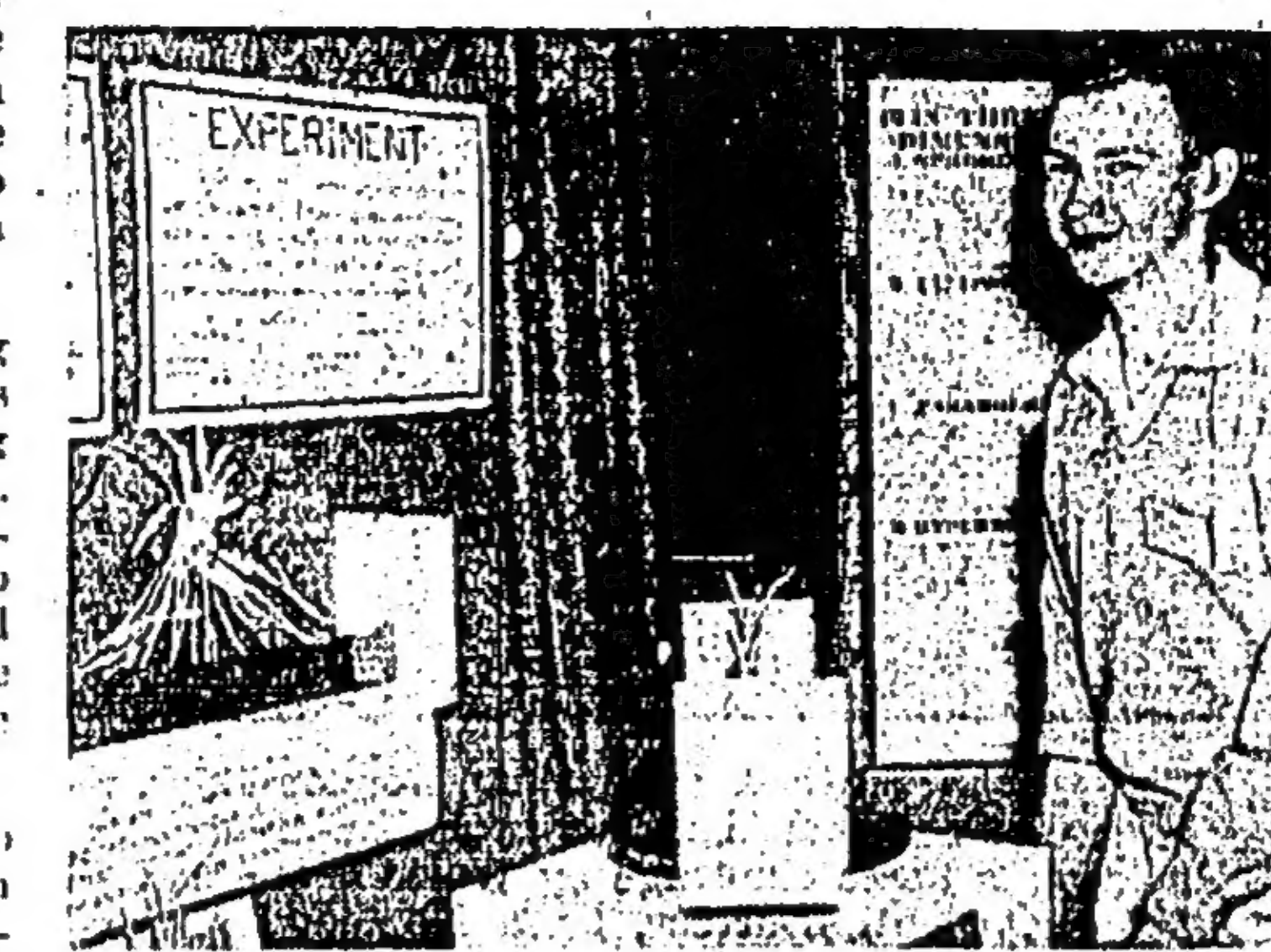
Doug wondered too — a lot.

WITHOUT GRAVITY

He got books from the library and studied science in school. He found out that plants will grow up even in the dark, because gravity acts on a chemical in them to pull the roots down and the stem up.

But Doug wanted to know what would happen without gravity. He planted seeds in a box mounted on a record turntable and spun it continuously for two weeks.

The force of the whirling (centrifugal force) pulled the roots down in the corners of the box and pushed



Doug shows results of experiment (left), spinning plants (centre).

the stems toward the centre (see photo).

This proved that centrifugal force might be used

instead of gravity to grow things.

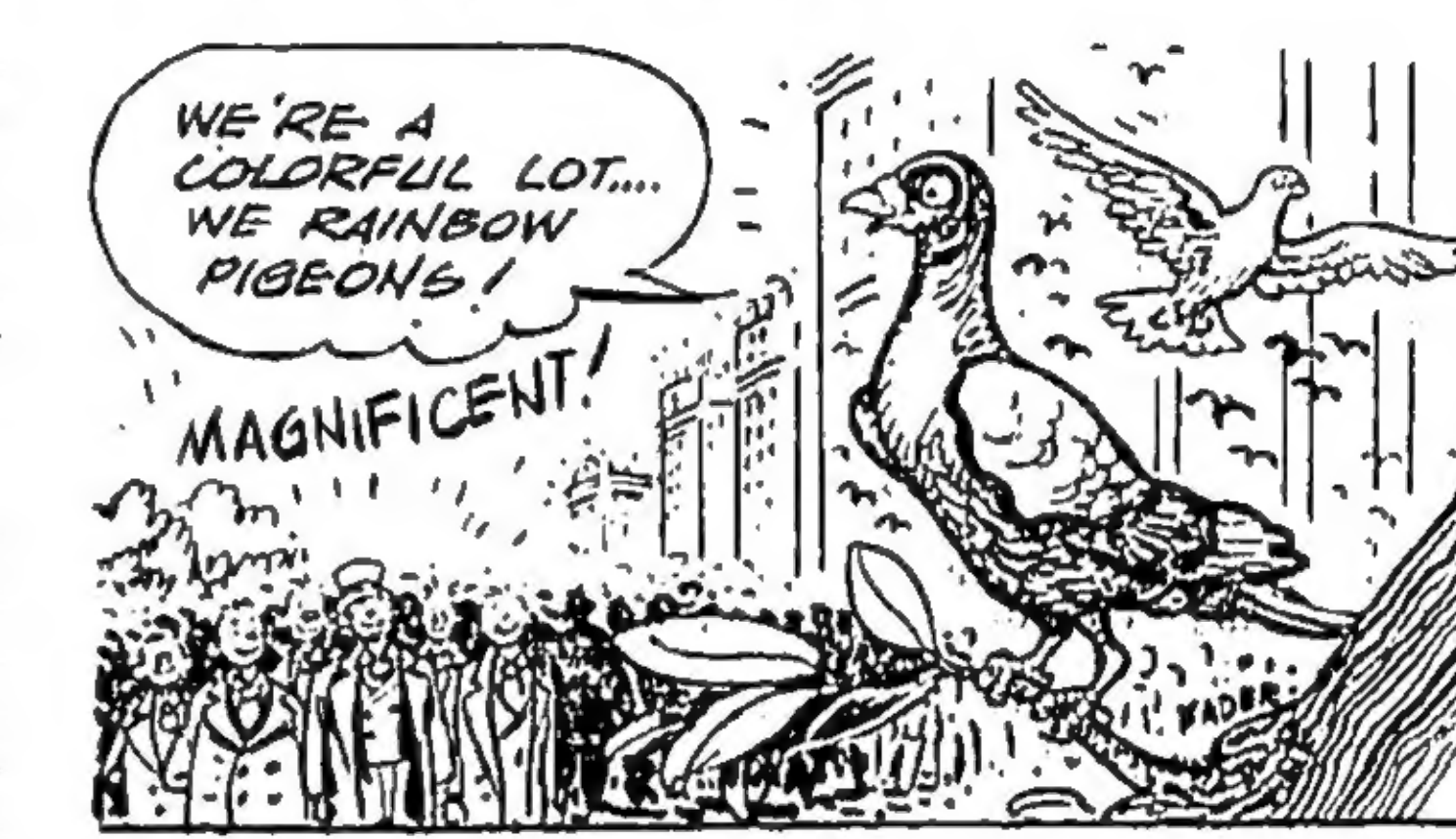
Doug lives in Oak Ridge and is active in many clubs.

THESE PIGEONS FOLLOW RAINBOWS

THERE is no other place in the world where there are rainbow pigeons except Buenos Aires! In this city there are thousands of pigeons coloured blue or gold or green, orange, yellow or pink.

They were deliberately coloured in these gay hues by their owners. They use a special kind of dye. It was invented by a pigeon lover. It is a dye in which birds can be dipped without causing any harmful effects.

At one time, when the President of Brazil visited Buenos Aires, the rainbow enthusiasts dipped their pigeons in blue and white dyes in honour of the visitor. (Blue and white are the national colours of Brazil.)



When the Brazilian entered Buenos Aires, these thousands of blue and white pigeons were released to greet him. The visitor was astonished at this pigeon extravaganza, and said that he had never received such a wonderful welcome anywhere.

The natives of Buenos Aires, whether they own pigeons or not, are very proud of the rainbow pigeons. They show their

pride by helping take care of the birds.

In fact the rainbow pigeons are so well cared for and are so accustomed to being fed and petted by everyone, that they delight in flying down out of the sky and perching on the shoulders of any person they chance to see.

—EVELYN WITTER

OLD-FASHIONED GAMES PROVIDE FUN

PLAYERS find their places in a circle of chairs. The leader, who has no chair, gives each player the name of a car part.

He then makes up a story about a car. When she mentions a part—horn for instance—that player rises from his chair, turns around twice and sits down again.

When the name of the car is given, all players change places, giving the leader a chance to claim a chair. Instead of the car name, the leader can yell, "And the antique broke down!"

Cross Questions and Silly Answers is fun too. Players sit in circle. First player may whisper to one to his left, "Do you like roses?" The second player, knowing a crazy answer is expected,



may answer, "Yes, he is divine!" This answer is the property of the first player. The game goes around the circle.

Then comes the fun! Each player gives aloud the question and answer that

belongs to his or her memory. Forgets, such as a shoe, a tie, etc., can be collected from losing players throughout the games.

Then at the end, they can be bought back like this:

The host or hostess says to the player, "Heavy, heavy, hangs over your poor bones."

The seated player then asks, "Fine or superfine?" meaning, "Male or female."

The standing one replies, for example, "Fine." The convicted one then says, "What must the owner do to redeem it?"

The answer could be, "Go into the far corner and bark like a dog," or, "Stand on head," etc.

After each player performs his duty he receives back his personal forfeit.

These are real old-fashioned games that your grandparents used to play.

—PIDGE EARLY



THE PENGUIN IS FOND OF DIPPING ITS FOOD IN WATER BEFORE EATING IT, AND MANY AT A TIME ONE PREFERS TO GO HUNGRY RATHER THAN EAT FOOD WHICH IT HAS NOT BEEN ALLOWED TO WASH.

A TRUE STORY

THE KING WHO LIKED PEPPER



Since most people don't like pepper so hot, most peppercorns today are soaked in water or lime water for eight or 10 days till the outer skin comes off. Then the pepper seeds are ground. The ground seeds are called white pepper or just pepper.

Aleric, the Visigoth king, wanted pepper for himself and his people for the same reason that all ancient peoples wanted it. A large part of the year they had to live mostly on grains, meat, cheese and eggs. Vegetables and fruits they could have only in summer, for no one knew how to preserve food by canning or freezing it.

People became tired of eating the same food all the time. Pepper gave their food more taste, so everybody wanted some.

★ ★ ★

The pepper plant is a climbing shrub. Its dark brown leaves and small flowers hang down on the vines.

After the blossoms are gone, the berries appear. They grow in clusters somewhat like tiny grapes and each dark red berry contains one seed.

Pepper is gathered twice a year. Just before the berries are ripe, the berries are knocked down into baskets. Then they are spread out to dry in the hot sun till they are wrinkled and black. The dried berries are called "peppercorns" by English speaking folks.

★ ★ ★

Now, with the dried berry skin still on, some of the pepper is ground. This is known as black pepper. Some people like black pepper best because the skins make it hot and biting.

Later in history, when pepper wasn't so hard to get, peppercorns or seeds were often named as rent. Oftentimes when a man who owned property didn't want to ask very much rent from his friends or relatives, he would ask for a pound of peppercorns. This was called "peppercorn rent."

And so a peppercorn came to mean anything small or of little value. Just as you might say, "I don't care two cents for that!" a man three or four hundred years ago might have said, "I don't care a peppercorn!"

But pepper wasn't cheap in 400 A.D. It took the Romans a long time to find 3,000 pounds, but they finally did. And Aleric had so much he probably decided that pepper was nothing to be sneezed at.

—EVVA BRINKER

The Wild Grasshoppers

—They Were Not So Ferocious After All—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the shadow-boy with the turned-about name, told his sister Hand when she asked him where he was going, "I'm going hunting."

Hand lifted her eyebrows. "Hunting? Where are you going hunting?"

"Right around here," Knarf answered, pointing toward the garden and the fields beyond.

At this moment General Tin the Tin Soldier and Teddy the Stuffed Bear came along.

General Tin had his musket, Teddy had a lasso. "They're going hunting with me, too," Knarf said to Hand.

Hand said to Knarf, "If you're not going to go hunting for lions or tigers or other ferocious animals," said Hand.

"I think I'd like to go with you, if you wouldn't mind inviting me," said Knarf.

"We're going hunting for wild grasshoppers," said Teddy the Stuffed Bear. "They're not very ferocious."

Then they all invited Hand to join the hunting expedition.

A few minutes later they were all crawling through the tall grass on the other side of the garden wall.

Knarf and Hand both had spears made out of twigs.

Suddenly General Tin, who was out in front ahead of the others, turned around with a warning look in his face for everyone to be absolutely quiet.

He pointed through the tangle of grassblades. There, on the other side of a dandelion, standing quietly in the shade of the leaves, were two grasshoppers.

General Tin whispered to Knarf and Hand to creep around on the far side of the grasshoppers and make sure that they didn't get away.

Then, Teddy made ready to throw the lasso later the two grasshoppers seemed to become aware that they were surrounded.

Grasshopper-Trap

"Now," said General Tin, "Knarf and Hand will go to the middle of the field and beat the grass and weeds with their spears as they come slowly back toward this cobweb grasshopper-trap. Teddy will come behind them, shouting and yelling at the top of his voice. All stay right here with my musket, but I'm quite sure I won't have to use it."

So that's what everyone did! And what happened was this. As Knarf and Hand beat the grass and weeds with their spears and Teddy yelled at the top of his voice, all the grasshoppers in the neighbourhood started hopping ahead of them in flight, straight for the cobweb trap.

When Knarf and Hand and Teddy returned to where General Tin was standing, they found that three grasshoppers, a beetle and a daddy-long-legs were snared in the trap.

Made Harnesses

Knarf and Hand and General Tin each took one of the grasshoppers and made little harnesses and saddles and rode on their backs.

As for the beetle and the daddy-long-legs, they were turned over to Teddy, who hitched them to a hollow acorn in which he sat, pretending it was a chariot!

The three grasshoppers didn't mind the fact that they were now pigs, nor did the beetle or the daddy-long-legs. They were given a drop of honey each and the tender end of a green, new



The Shadows re-took the grasshoppers' backs.

ed by enemies. They both hopped off, going deeper and deeper into the jungle of grass and weeds.

General Tin gathered his fellow-hunters, about him. "We'll set a trap," he said. "Find a spider-web and bring it here."

It didn't take very long for Knarf and Hand and Teddy to find an abandoned spider-web. General Tin then directed that it be stretched between two tall daisies on either side of a thick growth of grass.

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Rupert and Dinkie—46



After all the excitement Dinkie doesn't mind being carried home, and at last the friends have to part and go their separate ways! Then Rupert scampers to his own castle. "It's all right now, Mummy," he cries. "There's no more mystery. The thing that I jumped at you was Dinkie!"

A new adventure begins tomorrow!

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1955.

SHEAFFER'S
Skrip

JOHN CLARKE'S
CASEBOOK

The Children

ROBERT belonged to the night-shift, and earned good money; and because he was at home in the daytime and could keep an eye on the children, his wife could work, too, as a part-time cook.

So the family—Robert, his two children, two step-children, and his wife—were better off than many of their neighbours. They were better off in that more money came into the house each week.

Yet for some reason or other—more skilful management, more luck, less ambitious ideas—while most of Robert's neighbours seemed to get by financially, his home was constantly short of money.

THE GAS-METER

THE situation grew, week after week, more grave, until the day came when Robert's pockets were as empty as the family's larder. And pay-day for both Robert and his wife was half a week away.

Robert was alone at home on the day when this crisis came. He sat and thought for some time about what he should do, then rose and finding the tools for the job, broke open the gas-meter and pocketed the £4-odd it contained.

"I can find the money and put it back before the gasman comes," he thought, "and I can tell him the kids were messing about with the meter."

RAGE

THE plan seemed foolproof and might have worked, had the gasman not called next day.

It was afternoon when he came. Robert was out, and so was his wife. One of the children, a 10-year-old girl, opened the door. The gasman went in, saw the violence that had been done to it, and hurried away to make his report.

Presently Robert's wife returned, then Robert. "Anyone called today?" Robert's conscience forced him to inquire. "The man's been to see the gas-meter," Robert's wife answered.

"Who let him in," Robert roared in a rage born of fear. He was told, and he set about the little girl with his fists.

A TERRIBLE THING

THERE were shrieks and screams. Neighbours appeared under the barrage of their disapproval. Robert stormed from his home, calling back: "I'm fed up with the lot of you, I'm going to the pictures."

It was in the cinema that Robert was found by the police, who had been called and shown the child's bruised face, the broken meter.

At Clerkenwell Court next morning Robert pleaded guilty to one charge of theft and one of assault.

He stood in the dock, a tall, lean, haggard, kindly looking man, and whispered: "It's a terrible thing to hit a little girl, a terrible thing. I don't know what came over me."

THE CHILDREN WORSHIP HIM

A PROBATION officer went into the witness-box. "This man's wife is prepared to forgive and forget," he said. "Apparently the children worship their father, and he's always very good to them. The little girl who was hit wants him back."

Robert was remanded on bail. Next time he appeared, the probation officer said: "All the children do seem genuinely fond of him."

The magistrate, Mr Seymour Collins, turned to Robert. "What you did was very, very wrong," he said. "But because the little girl seems fond of you, and you seem not to have stirred up any resentment in her, I'm not going to send you to prison."

He put Robert on probation, and ordered him to repay the money he had stolen. Robert went slowly away. The scars and bruises he had laid upon the child would go; the shock of such violence from one she so loved might. Robert's shame would live with him for as long as he drew breath.

NEW FRENCH CRISIS MAY LEAD TO ELECTION

Reynaud Reviews Situation

Dunkerque, Oct. 14.

Veteran French statesman and independent Deputy in the National Assembly, M. Paul Reynaud, declared here today that a government crisis at this time might lead to general elections next month.

Reynaud said that last night in the National Assembly the Social Republican deputies came out for progressive integration in Algeria and then concluded that they would vote against the Government.



Paul Reynaud

Top German Air Ace Returns

Bonn, Oct. 14.

Major Erich Hartmann, top Luftwaffe fighter ace, who claimed to have shot down 348 enemy planes, returned to Germany tonight from Russian imprisonment as a war criminal.

Hartmann came with a group of about 30 repatriates, including one woman, who arrived at Herleshagen railway station, on the East German border, about 50 miles from here.

Hartmann, 33, flew his last operational mission on the Russian front when he was 20.

He made his 300th kill in August 1944, after which Hitler awarded him the highest Nazi military decoration, the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross with Oak Leaves, Swords and Diamond Cluster.

25 Years

The Russians sentenced him to 25 years' forced labour. As Hartmann travelled to the reception camp here by bus, a former fellow prisoner of his, Lieutenant-Colonel Otto Heuer, who arrived back yesterday, told the story of the air ace's imprisonment.

He said Hartmann need not have been captured. He could have flown off from his airfield in Czechoslovakia but preferred to stay with his men. Heuer said Hartmann refused to work in captivity and was frequently imprisoned and isolated from other prisoners because of his influence on them.

"He was truculent to the Russians and told them what he thought of them," Heuer said.—China Mail Special.

Torpedo Boat Peking

London, Oct. 14.

The Moscow football team Torpedo beat a Peking representative side by two goals to one at the Dynamo Stadium in Moscow tonight, according to a Soviet radio report.—Reuter.

China-Egypt Agreement Ratified

London, Oct. 14.

The New China News Agency today announced ratification by China of a three-year trade agreement under which Egypt will receive light machinery.

The agreement between the two countries, signed on August 23, is for balanced trade with payments in transferable sterling unless another currency is considered suitable.

The two countries will open a commercial office in each other's capital, "exchange" commodity exhibitions and accord one another "most favoured nation treatment" under the agreement.—Reuter.

America Still Backing Diem

Washington, Oct. 14.

The State Department spokesman, Mr Henry Suydam, today reaffirmed United States support for the anti-Communist government of Premier Ngo Dinh Diem in South Vietnam.

Correspondents had asked him for comment on a statement on the coming referendum in Vietnam on the position of Emperor Bao Dai which the Emperor was reported to have handed to representatives of the United States, British and French governments in Paris. He replied: "The United States Government has not received any communication from Emperor Bao Dai. Therefore we have no information about the matter to which you refer."

"I think our attitude is well known. The Government of the United States continues to support the government of Premier Diem headed by Mr Diem." When Mr Suydam was asked what the United States attitude was towards Emperor Bao Dai, Mr Suydam drew attention to the October referendum when the Vietnamese people would decide for themselves what the Emperor's status would be.—Reuter.

Selected Visitors Only See Triumph

THOUSANDS EXPECTED

Leningrad, Oct. 14.

Six British warships now on a goodwill visit to Leningrad planned to keep open house for the thousands of eager Russian sightseers today—but were disappointed.

The Soviet authorities limited the visitors to carefully chosen groups.

The British aircraft carrier Triumph, which was ready to receive up to 4,000 people on this first day of public visits, reported only 34 guests.

Russians allowed on board appeared to be specially chosen by Soviet shore authorities. Every group boarding launches from the Neva River embankment to the British ship was issued with special passes given to "advanced workers" in factories and Leningrad schools.

Best Dressed

The Soviet authorities responsible for organising the visits selected what seemed to be the British sailors to be the best dressed people in Leningrad, while thousands of ordinary Russians pressed against shore barriers unable to go on board.

Commander John Roxburgh, executive officer of the 13,350-ton British flagship Triumph said: "We are normally able to take 4,000 visitors in an afternoon but only 34 came."

When British officers expressed disappointment, a Soviet Leningrad officer attached to the Triumph said 1,500 Russians would be permitted tomorrow. Meanwhile a crowd of 35,000 Russians went to Leningrad's Korov Stadium to see a British sailors team beaten 4-0 by a Leningrad sailors football team.

Hoisted in Air

Seven hundred British sailors went to the game and were given a boisterous welcome as the shore leave men experienced yesterday. On the way back to the city a British sailor was hoisted into the air several times on a blanket carried by a crowd of Russian sailors.

Communist military attaches from China, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary boarded the Triumph later today with other visitors for a cocktail party given by Admiral Sir Michael Denny, who commands the visiting squadron. Captain Cargill Begg of the Triumph said: "Our sailors ashore were asked questions about British schools, medicine, how much workers got, who owned private cars and how much they cost."

All the questions related to material things and the Russians seemed immensely interested. Thirty British officers and 40 chief petty officers and petty officers boarded the Russian cruiser Rod Banner and three Soviet destroyers in the Neva River today for lunch as guests of the Russians.

War Memorial

This morning Admiral Denny went to the Serafimovskoye cemetery and laid a wreath on the Soviet war memorial there.

Afterwards Admiral Denny visited the Central Navy Museum and wrote in the visitors book—according to Moscow Radio—"I have seen here the reflection of the brave feats of the navy of Russia."—China Mail Special.

How To Design Anti-Atomic Blast Ships

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oct. 14.

A British naval atomic defence expert, Commander J. R. H. Bull, told shipbuilders in Newcastle today that ships should be designed to reduce the effect of atomic blast.

He said ships in the target area of an atomic explosion should be able to seal off sections in stages to prevent the ingress of radioactive material.

It should also be possible to abandon boiler rooms and engine rooms altogether for reasonably short periods with the engines left running by the use of remote control machinery. Boilers could be sealed off and continue operating by the use of trapped air.

The Ark Royal, Britain's latest aircraft carrier, had been successfully equipped in this way, he added.

Commander Bull, training commander of the Royal Navy Atomic, Bacteriological and Chemical Defence School, Portsmouth, was lecturing to the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders.—China Mail Special.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

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COST TALE
AMTS ADEN
RIOR NARD
STAKER PS
HOE
AM ENCORE
LEES COT
ATTU ETON
SEES IOTA

DIAMOND:

Y
COR
CUEL
YOUSSEF
REEST
LET
F

CODED MESSAGE: The monarchy of Morocco is a French and Spanish protectorate.
SCRAMBLE-RAMA: Sheridan Arab. Empire: Mogador: Berbers and Arabs.

MOROCCO REBUS: Monarchy: Rabat; Arabs; Atlas Mountains.

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Beaconsfield Arcade, Queen's Road, Central

CRUELTY AND INJURED ANIMALS

Members of the Society and the Public are earnestly requested to report immediately all cases of suspected cases of cruelty they are aware of.

This is particularly requested in the case of an injured animal found on the streets.

It would be a great help if injured animals could be kept under observation until the arrival of the Inspector as it is surprising how far an injured animal can travel.

In reporting, the exact locality is important.

I.e. "Pavement in front of No. (7), Hennessy Road, Wanchai."

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